



The Grail

JULY, 1930

Hush!

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

High Lights of the Yellowstone

MARY C. SHAW

Russia, Religion, and World Peace

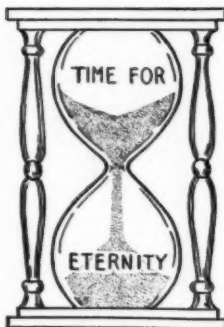
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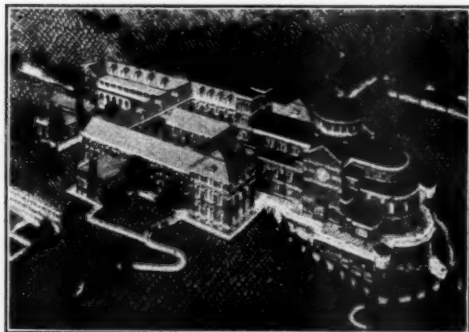
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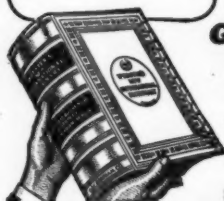
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The Grail

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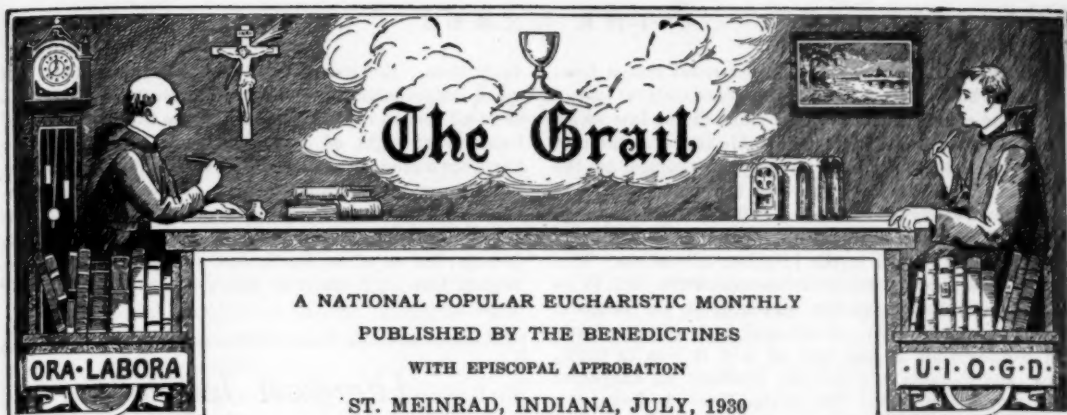
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LIKE TO A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED

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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Nebraska, Ho!

Summer is here! Take a trip! Easily said, but not so easily done—by an editor. Yet our editor of THE GRAIL has done that very thing. Indeed he has! He was off on June 15 for a three or four week's visit at the old homestead in Nebraska. This brief respite from the straining labors of chair and desk is an aftermath of his recently celebrated Silver Sacerdotal Jubilee. Away from ink pots and composing sticks and copy, he may even now be enjoying the unwonted luxury of a comfortable chair, or perhaps a tree-swung hammock, amid the familiar scenes of his boyhood. Our thoughts travel with him to far Nebraska, and our hopes, too—that he may thoroughly enjoy an honest-to-goodness vacation, brief though it be. Surely he deserves it! And while we have the quill in hand let us voice the thought that this must be a time of exceeding joy for his dear old mother, who is now in her seventy-seventh year. She journeyed all the way to Indiana to witness his jubilee celebration, and we were all surprised to find her looking so youthful in spite of her years. No doubt the gladness of the occasion made her clock of time pause and turn back a few years. At the informal reception tendered to Father Prior Benedict on the afternoon of June 9, Father Abbot-Coadjutor Ignatius voiced the sentiments of the assembled well-wishers when he congratulated the mother as well as the son. Truly, no one but the mother herself can ever know what it means to have a son a priest of God—a priest of God for twenty-five years. Not to many mothers of priests is it given to witness their sons' silver jubilee. Well may Father Prior's mother rejoice over this unusual event in her life. And we hope that his present visit with her will be the climax of jubilant memories for them both.

V. D.

Our Frontispiece

The fourth of the parables relating to the Kingdom of Heaven is that of the Mustard Seed. Since the Church has chosen this parable from the text of St. Matthew as the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany, let us read it from St. Mark.

THE PARABLE

"And Jesus said: 'To what shall we liken the kingdom of God? or by what parable shall we compare it? It is as a grain of mustard seed: which when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that are in the earth: and when it is sown, it grows up, and becomes greater than all herbs, and shoots out great branches, so that the birds of the air may dwell under its shadow.'"

ITS EXPLANATION

The characteristics which our Savior points out here are exactly those which belong to the ordinary mustard plant of Palestine. Several kinds of this plant grow wild, and it is also cultivated in many regions. Of the various species of this plant, the black mustard seems to be the one referred to by Jesus. The seed of this plant is exceedingly small and insignificant and was regarded by the Jews as such. "Small as a grain of mustard seed" became proverbial for utter insignificance. The mustard plant is an annual and shoots up in a short time high above other vegetables. In warmer regions and in rich soil it grows to a great size and the lower part of the stalk becomes quite woody. Therefore, the words "Becomes a tree," are perfectly accurate and founded on fact. It is quite obvious that birds like to perch in such shrubs—and this applies particularly to Palestine, where birds of all kinds are numerous, whilst trees and bushes are not so plentiful, at least in some localities. Moreover, the mustard plant has quite a special attraction for these winged visitors. Goldfinches, in particular, have an extraordinary liking for the mustard seeds, and they fly in crowds to the shrub, perching on the branches and picking out the black grain from the ripe pods.

ITS APPLICATION

This parable illustrates for us the extension and exterior growth of the Church. The minute and insignificant mustard seed points out to us the small and insignificant beginning of the kingdom of heaven. In complete contrast to the earthly power and splendor of the Messianic kingdom expected by the Jews, our Savior

sets before us in the simple and beautiful image from nature, in bold outlines, the sublime fundamental law of His divine constitution. It is the same divine law which He as a feeble Babe on the miserable straw in the cold stable of Bethlehem had already proclaimed to the world as His royal program, the law which later He always and everywhere obeyed and exhorted others to obey, and which His Heavenly Father also constantly observed with regard to the kingdom of heaven. This fundamental law of every divine operation had to be carried into effect from the beginning in the kingdom of God in the Church. Small and insignificant, lowly and contemptible in the eyes of men it was to begin, grow, and develop and thereby proclaim its character as a divine institution. We, better than the Jews, can see this wonderful growth and spread of the Church, how all nations, attracted by its only soul-satisfying kernel of truth, have come to rest in its ever-spreading, all-embracing, catholic branches.

This parable also contains a consoling truth for each individual member of God's kingdom on earth. This same law must come into effect in our own interior,

daily lives. Compared with God, we are smaller and more insignificant than the minute mustard seed. We have all reason to sink down deep into the fertile soil of humility at sight of our nothingness. On this lowly but firm foundation God will erect, with our cooperation, the wondrous edifice of personal sanctity and perfection. This is not of mushroom growth but the product of innumerable, insignificant acts of virtue, often disregarded as of no worth, but which grow up into a mighty tree of merit that rears its pleading arms to heaven.

Liturgical Jottings

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

WE ARE REMINDED

With Trinity Sunday, Paschaltide came to a close. Many and valuable, from the soul's viewpoint, were the lessons gleaned during the sacred seasons of Lent and Eastertide. During those few weeks we were treated to an intensified study of the various details of Christ's important work—the uplifting of mankind from the dregs of craven servitude to sin. And now the Holy Spirit is by no means idle. Indeed His large share in the general plan of salvation is just now coming into full evidence. Christ promised that the Holy Spirit would come to us to remind us of those divine truths which it is so necessary for us to remember. And so it is that, after Pentecost, the Holy Ghost recalls to our minds the doctrines of Christ by giving all the Apostolic writers a chance to speak to us through their epistles. In the course of this post-Pentecostal season will be read two epistles from St. John, two from St. Peter, and nineteen from St. Paul. These, together with portions from all four Evangelists, prove that the Holy Spirit is actively fulfilling His mission of convincing the world of sin, of justice, and of judgment.

GOD PROVIDES

The scene presented by the Gospel of the fourth Sunday after Pentecost is a convincing reminder of the providence of God over all things great and small. For, if Christ took care to provide His apostles with a miraculous draught of fishes for their bodily sustenance, how much more readily will He not provide for the wants of human souls? On this Sunday the Spirit of God would remind us of Christ's other words concerning the care with which He provides for the birds of the air and the lilies of the field, and of His assurance that we are of much more worth than they.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY

Then the Gospel for the fifth Sunday (the second Sunday in July) gives us a beautiful lesson in brotherly love. In Christ's own words we are told that Christian charity is of so great importance that God would rather see us leave a victim unsacrificed—an Holy Com-

(Continued on page 131)

The Foes

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

6. The Double Rescue

On this side of the Jordan and on that
The foes of Israel did gnash and groan
To see how Judas beat the Syrians flat
And how the Jews were coming to their own.

A hue and cry was raised in Galilee
Where 'twixt the rolling hills fair pastures spread;
And all the pagan dwellers did agree
To hound all Jews about till they be dead.

In the far land of Tob, in Galaad,
A thousand sons of Israel were slain;
The rest in Dathema a refuge had
And fortified them there with might and main.

Then Judas' word—sharp as his sword!—
Rang through the halls of Sion:
'Simon, go forth unto the north
And let them feel thine iron!

"From Galilee bring back with thee
Our brethren that survive;
While I shall ford the Jordan broad
And Dathema relieve."

He scoured the plains with twice four thousand men
And smote the land of Galaad right sore;
Timotheus, the Syrian chief, was ta'en
And all Karnion reeked with pagan gore.

Then down the Jordan valley, praising God
The soldiers and their rescued kinsmen strode
Until at last they reached the homeland's sod,
And for thank offerings soon the altar glowed.

Hush!

Put off thy shoes from thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.—Ex. 3:5

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

THE Bishop of the diocese had made his periodical visitation to St. Joseph. Ed Allen was on the committee of reception. "Father," he complimented on the affair, after the celebration was all over, "everything passed off in tip-top fashion. What was the most impressive was the sudden hush that came upon the audience when the word of the Right Reverend Bishop's entrance was passed from mouth to mouth: 'Here he comes!' Why you could have heard a pin drop."

"Very fine! Very fine! Ed," praised the pastor. "I was actually proud of my parish and of my committee. The order was perfect, but—"

"Father," interrupted Allen, "when that 'but' comes along I always try to see how good a guesser I am."

"Ed, you rascal," the priest chided, "you are 'butting in' again ahead of time, before the 'but' has come to its full expression."

"Beg your pardon, Father," Allen said by way of conciliation, "let us have the 'but.'"

"'But'" came back in a most emphatic tone, "at Mass the immediate arrival of a much higher dignitary than bishop or pope is announced at that part of the Mass which we call the 'canon'. Therefore that solemn 'hush' is much more august when the canon of the Mass is begun."

Allen nodded.

"The prayers, readings, and chants that precede the canon," Father Gilbert continued, "are merely preparatory. As far as the essence of the Mass goes they might be dropped wholly or in part. The consecration is the continuation or repetition of the sacrificial part of the Last Supper or of the Sacrifice of Calvary. However, those preparatory prayers are a worthy accompaniment of the essence of the Sacrifice and give the consecration a more beautiful setting in a precious case. The canon is the announcer, as it were, of the consecration. Hence that solemn and mysterious hush that falls upon the service when the canon begins."

"That word 'canon' reminds one of war."

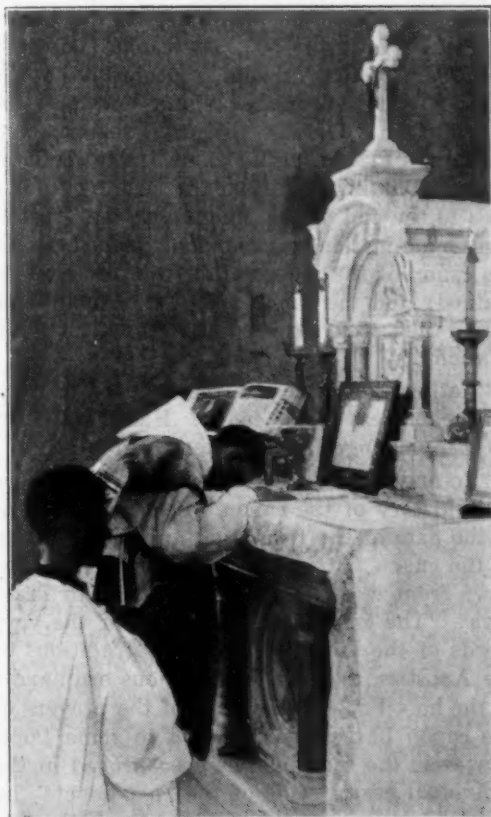
"Well, if you have a little patience I will narrate a little incident in which Mass and war did get mixed up because of the canon."

"Here, Father, you treat me like a kid. You as much as say: 'Eddie, if you are a good boy, I will tell you a little story.' Why not let me have it right away, Father?"

Father Gilbert smiled only good naturedly.

"At least tell me what 'canon' really means," Allen urged further.

"Well, 'canon' is a Greek word signifying a straight staff. Hence metaphorically it denotes



THE CANON OF THE MASS

a rule, a law, a fixed order. Consequently, we speak of the canon (authentic list) of the Scripture Books; of the canon (rule) of faith; of the canons (decrees) of a council; of the canon (roster) of saints; of the canons (men following a fixed rule of life) of a church. Thus also the canon of the Mass embraces the collection of prayers that have been laid down as an established regulation, as an unalterable standard, which is to be rightly observed by the priest in the most important part of the celebration of the Holy Eucharist. Save for a few variations on certain great feasts of the year the canon remains unalterable."

"How far does the canon really go, Father?"

"Originally it began with the preface, which is still called the 'Little Canon.' Now, however, the canon begins with the words: 'Te igitur—wherefore (we humbly pray and beseech) Thee.' The rite of celebrating (as given at the beginning of the missal) reads: 'When the preface is ended the priest begins the canon, saying: "Te igitur."' The canon ends with the 'Per omnia saecula saeculorum—world without end' before the 'Pater noster'—the 'Our Father.' Thus St. Gregory I remarks that the Lord's Prayer is said immediately after the canon. But in the missal the heading 'canon' goes to the end of the Mass. In the Middle Ages a distinction was commonly made between the canon of the consecration (as just now explained) and the canon of the Communion (from the Lord's Prayer to the end of the Communion)."

"Father, you stressed the idea of the unchangeableness of the canon. Has there never been any change from the very beginning?"

"To answer your question I must give you a little history of the canon. Scholars differ as to the date of the formation and final fixation of the canon. It is a rich inheritance handed down from apostolic days. The Council of Trent says: 'The canon consists partly of the very words of the Lord, partly of the traditions of the Apostles, and also of the pious ordinances of the holy Popes.' Each one of the prayers of the canon has been attributed to some Pope. However, the fact has not been proved in the individual cases. One of the arguments by which liturgists sought to prove the high antiquity of the canon is that the list of the apos-

ties contained in the canon differs from that given in the Vulgate text of the fourth century. The saints mentioned in the canon are all saints of the early centuries and all martyrs. The cult of the confessors is really a later development. For more than thirteen centuries, that is, from the time of St. Gregory the Great, no change has been made in the canon. Whilst of course he cannot be called the author of the canon, yet he revised the formularies of Pope Gelasius, who himself used the material from earlier ages. John the deacon informs us that St. Gregory 'condensed within the limits of one volume the Gelasian codex of Masses, omitting much, changing little, and adding some.' His editions to the canon are: 'Dispose our days in Thy peace and command us to be delivered from eternal damnation and be numbered in the flock of the elect.' How unchangeable the canon was regarded is proved by this small addition which called forth a great storm of protest."

Allen, smiling, pleaded: "Father, let us have that little story now."

"Nothin' doin'," was the only reply.

"Father, you are cruel."

"Father Gilbert laughed heartily. "Before I gratify your curiosity," he continued, "I want you to know a few more facts. I am certain that it will interest you to hear of some of the names given to the canon."

"Oh, Father, there is no doubt about that. I am always interested in these matters."

"Well, there is the name 'Prex' (prayer). St. Augustine calls the canon a prayer because by it is asked the supreme gift, Jesus Christ Himself. Another name is 'Actio' (action) or the 'Mystery of the Most Holy Action.' 'Action' is probably derived from the Latin 'gratias agere'—to give thanks. This name would correspond to the word from the Greek, namely, *Eucharist*; or the derivation of 'Action' may be from 'causam agere'—to plead a cause. Now in the canon the priest is about to plead in the name of Jesus Christ Himself the cause of the Universal Church. Other names are found: 'regula' (rule), 'legitimum' (legitimate), 'agenda' (liturgical thing or thing to be done), 'mystica prex' (mystical prayer), 'textus canonicae precis' (text of the canonical prayer), 'secretum Missae' (the secret of the Mass)."

"It seem to me, Father," Allen finally com-

plimented, when Father Gilbert had paused, "that the last name would be the most appropriate. The priest surely does pray secretly."

"Your argument is quite reasonable," Father Gilbert assented, "but in the first place we have an offertory prayer that is called the 'secret of the Mass.' Then we give the preference to those names that have been sanctioned by tradition and usage. The canon is truly a secret prayer and there are reasons for the secrecy."

"You emphasize the statement: 'There are reasons.' Are those reasons secret too?"

"No, you know them already," the priest said somewhat gruffly. "Originally, no doubt, everything was said aloud, one part after another. Then later on there came an overlapping of the service. The people led by the deacon recited prayers different from those of the celebrant. Hence, the latter had to pray silently. Thus even to-day the celebrant begins the canon whilst the choir chants the 'sanctus.' The purpose presumably was to shorten the long service. Wherefore the secret prayer of the canon was rather the result of a tendency than of a rule."

"After many years the custom became time-honored, which fact added another reason. How ancient the practice is cannot be easily established. It seems to go back to Pope Innocent I (401-417)."

"With this ancient usage behind them both medieval and modern liturgists have found many mystic reasons for the secrecy of the canon. These reasons, however, must not be overstressed. In some points they appear to run counter to the laudible purpose of the present liturgical movement which designs to bring about a more active and intimate participation of the faithful with the priest at the altar. To a certain extent these mystic explanations are helpful:

"Immolation pertains properly to the priest. His silence especially at the words of consecration is something priestly. He is the mediator between God and man. He speaks in the person of Jesus Christ, who, too, was alone in the garden, upon the cross, and at the ascension. So, too, the priest should find a help in this secrecy to realize the sublimity and the tremendousness of the action he is about to perform. In the Middle Ages the doors and the curtains, which

closed off the altar, emphasized this point. Like another Moses the priest, after having entered the sanctuary, is enveloped in a cloud.

"Human reason does not grasp so great a mystery' (Sicardus of the twelfth century), for what is done is not open to the senses."

"Silent prayer is related to the virtues of religion and therefore expresses the humility, reverence, admiration, and awe wherewith the Church administers and adores the mystery of the altar. The very sight of the priest in silent prayer inspires awe and adds solemnity and mysteriousness to the service. In this connection the little story chronicled by Fortescue in his work on the Mass as related by John Moschus, who died in 619, might be retold—"

"Now it's coming," Allen exclaimed.

Father Gilbert simply paused.

Allen urged: "Please, Father."

"To satisfy your curiosity, I shall go on," the priest resumed. "According to the story some boys in Palestine were playing 'at church.' As is the wont of pious boys, they were 'saying Mass,' and repeated the words of consecration as they had heard them said in the church. Fire came from heaven and destroyed their altar and nearly consumed the would-be priests. When they had recovered from their fright, they told the local bishop what had happened. From that time the custom is supposed (according to this story) to have begun of saying the words of consecration prayers silently to shield them from future profanation."

Allen feigned a shiver and then cried out: "Narrow escape, I call this. But, Father, in connection with this secrecy, how is it that I heard or read somewhere of a recitation Mass in which the people pray with the priest? Does he then also pray aloud at the canon?"

"Oh no, there is only one exception to the secrecy of prayer at the canon. It is the Mass of ordination (or consecration of a bishop) in which the new levites pray the canon aloud with the bishop. Of course, as long as the custom prevailed of co-celebrating (several priests saying Mass together) the celebrants had to hear one another. Then, too, there is one expression of the canon that is always said aloud, namely, 'nobis quoque peccatoribus'—to us sinners (vouchsafe to grant some part, etc.). To come back to your question the priest cannot change

the rubrics of the Mass nor will he ever recite the canon aloud, unless the Church mitigates her law in this respect. The Council of Trent says expressly: 'If any one says that the Roman rites, according to which the part of the canon and the words of consecration are spoken silently, is to be rejected, let him be anathema.' "

"Pretty strict! Don't you think so, Father?"

"The Church must be strict in such matters. The devil will look for every loophole. Hence, efforts at innovation have at various times been made. In 1700 a smart canon of Meaux in France issued a new missal with an 'Amen' as a response after each consecration. These, besides the other 'Amens,' had to be answered by the people. However, to answer, the people had to hear the preceding prayer. This was simply the idea of the Jansenist heretics. At Troyes, also in France, a new missal appeared in 1736 with the expression *submissa voce*—suppressed voice—changed to *submissiore voce*—a more suppressed voice. The purpose of this change was to make a gradual preparation for a demand of the canon in the vernacular. But all these plans of the tricksters were frustrated."

"By the way, Father, wasn't the story you promised me to deal with war and Mass?"

"Have patience, Ed! Have patience! Note further that the text of the canon is always printed in larger type. The reason is to facilitate the reading and to mark the sacredness of the text. Another noteworthy feature of the canon is the frequent tracing of the sign of the cross over the sacrificial elements both before and after the consecration. Twenty-five times the sign of the cross is made. According to St. Thomas "the priest in celebrating Mass uses the sign of the cross to express the passion of Christ, which terminated on the cross. The crosses traced over the sacred elements after the consecration are not for the purpose of blessing and consecrating but only to commemorate the virtue of the cross and the manner of Christ's passion. The extension of the arms—formerly in the form of a cross—reminds us of the Savior on the gibbet of the cross."

"This frequent reminder of the cross is surely impressive," commented Allen."

"Yes, in fact, whenever the priest is not carrying out some ceremony his hands are thus

extended during the canon. His very attitude represents the High Priest pleading, praying, sacrificing Himself upon the altar of the cross. Then, too, a genuflection is made as often as the Sacred Species are touched and replaced on the altar. The altar and paten are kissed to represent the union of the priest and the faithful with Christ. Mark even the ceremony at the very beginning of the canon: the celebrant extends his arms, raises his eyes to heaven; then he drops his gaze, folds his hands, places them on the altar and only now, in this position, does he begin the canon. How much reverence, humility, and awe lie in this and the other simple ceremonies."

"Which would be the best method for us to pursue during the canon?" Allen inquired in a tone of deep seriousness.

"For you?" Father Gilbert repeated. "Why, follow the missal, but don't forget the spirit expressed here. The priest's attitude, just now explained, will give you a hint what to do. The celebrant's uplifted arms should raise your mind aloft and dispel distractions and the spirit of dissipation. Remember, too, that we all approach as sinners, as priests, and as victims. Christ assumed the penalty of our sins. Hence, confusion and grief accompanied by resolutions of amendment are emotions proper to us sinners; we are priests, we offer with Christ. Our offering in union with His body and blood is our will conformable to His, a renunciation of all illicit gratifications, a perfect resignation to the ordinances of His Divine Providence; we are likewise victims of the sacrifice. This rôle follows from that of our character as priests. To Christ, the Victim, we must be joined as a flock of victims even if this character calls for the sacrifice of what is nearest and dearest to us. The Spouse is to His Church a Spouse of blood."

"Father, have you forgotten your promise of the story of the Mass and war?"

"Ed, you are still a boy. However, I am now ready to gratify your weakness for stories. The incident is this: 'During the Republican National Convention in Kansas City in June, 1928, when Herbert Hoover was nominated as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, self-important citizens made representations to a

(Continued on page 113)

Alan's Daughter

A Story of Saxon People and Saxon Saints in England During the Seventh Century

MARY AGATHA GRAY

CHAPTER XI—THE KING'S LILIES

THE death of Ermenred was a sore blow to his loving daughter, the Queen of Hwicca, but her sorrow was softened by her Christian faith, and Merwald's sympathy.

"The Lord loved him, Ermenburga," he said to her, "and has taken him to his rest." And Ermenburga laid her aching forehead on his shoulder and whispered brokenly, "God's will be done, husband; God hath taken him to heaven before us so that he may be there to greet us when our day comes," and, though her tears fell freely, there was no bitterness in them, but from that hour she looked more than ever before to "those things that are above."

Time dealt lightly with her, even though wars often called Merwald from his home. He had managed to keep the noise and turmoil of battles from the sight and hearing of his gentle wife and her young babes, and she devoted all her energies to the training of those tender lilies in the ways of a Christian life. There were three of them, Milburga, Mildred, and Milgytha, three fair flowers in the King's garden, and a son, Merezim, who tarried but a short time, for God took him in his innocence to Heaven. Ermenburga's heart was wrung with anguish, but once more she bowed her head in reverence for the Divine Will, and the angels about her loved her more than before.

Mildred, her second child, was singularly gifted with a sensitive soul that shrank instinctively from all things evil. In that day, when paganism was still disputing with Christianity, many were the wild legends and wierd beliefs of the unlettered people, and some of these thought it a fine sport to tell these things to the timid girl, until she began to waste away with fear, and to dread even her own shadow. Ermenburga did her utmost to help the child but she did not quite understand her, for Mildred never complained of those who tormented her, and so the Queen kept the little girl very much with her, and talked to her much of the

angel who ever watched beside her to keep her from harm. Alan, the Jester, seconded the Queen in this. He was now an old man, and had attached himself particularly to the service of Ermenburga. She always spoke to him hopefully, and assured him that the day would come when his quest would be ended. But he had taken to shaking his head sadly when she spoke thus.

"I am an old man now," he would mutter, "and it matters not greatly. I shall meet those I love in heaven, for they are dead."

And the little Mildred would slip her hand into his; "tell their angels to bring them back to you," she would say.

"If they be on earth still, Lady Mildred," he would reply, "but if they are in heaven, it were best to leave them there."

The child's blue eyes would be thoughtful, and Ermenburga would lay her hands upon the golden curls. "What is it, Mildred?" she would ask.

"I want to see my angel, Mother. What is he like?"

"He hath a shining garment, child, and great white wings, and his eyes are alight with kindness."

"But, I want to see him."

Ermenburga sighed ever so faintly. Was Mildred indeed going to leave her, as her brother had done? And the thought was as a knife thrust through her mother-heart, but she answered gently, "If a little Christian maid pray to God with all her heart, she shall see her angel when He wills it."

There was a little flutter of white garments as Mildred sank upon her knees and joined her hands in prayer. Her lips moved silently and the mother and the jester, who both loved her, watched her. Mildred knelt motionless for a while, and then they noticed that she leaned slightly forward, and as they gazed awefully upon the pure face, they saw that her eyes were fixed upon someone whom they could not see, and the Queen, and the jester with the soul of a

saint, fell upon their knees beside her, very gently for fear of disturbing the child, or recalling her to earth too soon. And as to Mildred, so to them also came a profound peace, and a joy past understanding that made them forget the sorrows and tears of the past, and filled them with such a hope as they had never felt before. How long they knelt thus none of them knew, and when Merwald entered unexpectedly at the hour of Compline, he found them. With a tender hand upon his wife's shoulder, he asked her what it all meant, and in a few awe-stricken words the Queen told him what had passed. The King's brow clouded for an instant, then he signed himself with the cross.

"I had thought to keep Mildred for a joy for our old age," he said regretfully, "but if God would take her from us, may His Will be done."

Then Mildred turned to them and smiled, "My Angel blesses you," she said, taking their hands in hers, "for you do well to give me so to God, and if you had not consented, He would have taken me now to heaven, and, Alan, you shall see your child, but not yet."

The old man shook his head. "Then I shall be an old man indeed," he murmured.

"Not so very old, Alan, you are but sixty, and you will yet live for many years, and you will surely see her again before you die. I asked my angel, and he promised it," replied the child.

Alan took her hand and held it for a moment, then he bent his lips to it, "I thank you, Lady Mildred," he said.

"I did nothing," protested Mildred. "The Angels are all about us and they love the pure of heart. It was therefore my angel said that he loves you."

It was the month of October when the rough winds strip the crimson and gold leaves from the forest trees, and the night falls early. But the wild wind voices no longer had power to terrify Mildred, for she knew that her angel walked beside her, and all her fears had fled.

The pious parents sat until late in the night talking of their children and of their future. Milburga was destined for the Abbey that Merwald was already building at Wenloch, and she had gone to Leominster to prepare for her life-work. Milgytha was but an infant still, and now God had manifested His will that Mildred should belong to Him alone.

"Surely He has blessed us in our children," said Ermenburga, "how may we manifest our gratitude for His great love for us?"

The King took up the hand that lay upon the arm of his chair, for they were seated by the fire of logs that made the great hall pleasant on that chilly night. "May we not, when our work for them is done, follow in the footsteps of our own children?" he suggested.

"It was my own desire, Merwald. But would it be right? God set you over the kingdom, would it be according to His Will if you were to lay down your charge?"

"I think so. For see, Ermenburga, it is not so hard to find a soldier to defend the people; they are most Christians now. The new Abbey is drawing me to itself, and 'twill be completed ere long."

"And Milburga to be Abbess?"

"The obedience would be the more perfect therefore."

The Queen sat silent a long time. Merwald saw that her lips moved as though she prayed, but there was no sound broke the stillness save the crackling of the logs upon the hearth, for the household had retired to the lower fire at the other end of the hall. The King waited long for his answer but he would not hurry his wife, and after a while she leaned toward him again with the brightness of a new resolve in her eyes, and upon her parted lips.

"We have been very happy together, Merwald," she said, "and God hath greatly blessed us. And we owe Him thanks for His abundant mercies. We have given Him our son, and two of our daughters, there is only Milgytha, and ourselves. Let it be as you desire, Merwald; when our duty to our children is accomplished, we also will give ourselves to God."

His hand closed over hers, and they sat awhile in the silence of a perfect understanding, but when she rose to go to her chamber he lifted her fingers to his lips reverently, as they had been the relics of a saint.

"God make me worthy of my wife," he said, but the Queen only smiled as she passed slowly up the stairway that led to the chapel. And after a little while he too rose up, and followed her, that he might kneel humbly in a distant corner, and watch to see how a saint prayed.

(To be continued)

Many Miles of Sunny Smiles

JACK BAKER

WHEN I landed at Rymer's Rustic Ranch near Birch Tree, Mo., looking for a story, I was fortunate in meeting Miss Marian Rymer, a charming Ozark Mountain cowgirl and manager of Rymer's Rustic Ranch, who immediately saddled her cow pony and an extra one for the writer, and we headed for Jack's Fork where we met H. A. Tanner, President of the Chamber of Commerce at Doniphan, Mo., who was with a noted Swiss scientist and his family doing a little exploring in this country in the most picturesque spots of the Ozark Mountains and in other parts of America.

To reach this haven in the hills the Swiss scientist said he crossed the Devil's Backbone where he got 'faint' stomach, looking down at the bottom of a gorge several hundred feet below that seemed to say, "thus far and no further, at your peril!" But while standing on the banks of Jack's Fork, watching the frolicsome stream behave like a young animal, changing unexpectedly, but without losing its charm, the Swiss scientist expressed astonishment at the large number of scenic wonders and the great variety to be found in our own beautiful America: "I can not understand why you American's will fret about not seeing Europe when you have not viewed Nature's splendors at home," he told me.

Miss Marian Rymer led the way over the crystal-like water's of Jack's River, singing and murmuring innocently as though there were no whirling currents just around the corner. Then the water made a dash for a ledge of rock as if to batter the bluff to pieces. Then it

seemed to slow down, but again took up its playful gamboling, foaming, whirlpooling and acting like a bad-tempered child. While looking into its clear waters, being soothed by its gentle flowing, lulled by its murmuring, we had to jump for our lives to avoid drowning by an avalanche of water which came foaming and roaring from the mountain side. Miss Marian or the avalanche of water had "almost" caught us off our guard.

Leaving Jack's Fork with its many springs and caves we entered Ebb and Flow Cave, one of the cleanest caves in the Ozark Mountains with many great stretches of dry walking with only small streams to jump across. So the usual cave exploring accompaniment of wet feet and ruined clothes was not suffered here. But "Jam-Up" is a good name for it indeed. Old-timers say it must have been made during some jam-up of the hills in the ages of long ago. At the mouth of the cave is a large stone ledge that resem-



EAST FORK OF BLACK ROCK

bles the face of the "Old Man" of Jam-Up Cave.

Marian Rymer led us through some of the most beautiful mountain gorges, imposing castles of rock with sheer walls and a hundred hills standing tiptoed in the Ozark country with its matchless wealth with which Nature endowed it.

Marian has lived here nearly all her life. Born in Nebraska, her father moved to the Jack's Fork country and built a home upon the mountain top, which later was christened Rymer's Mountain, when Marian was 4 years old. When she had attained her maidenhood her father had managed to give her an education. Then she returned to her mountain home and took up her work of making a home for her father, brother, and nursing her invalid mother.

But while obtaining her education, Marian learned of another world "out yonder." It was a different world, where people laughed much, danced, sang and made merry. However Dad and Mother Rymer could not leave the mountains to go to Marian's dream world "out yonder." Marian never could take the mountains to that other world. "Why not bring that other world 'out yonder' to the mountains?" she thought. Marian went to work devising plans. With the results of her adventure she enter-

tained six guests the first season, and she was happy. She got another taste of that world "out yonder." She resolved to extend the invitations year after year. Now, eleven years later, she has built several pretty rustic cottages for her guests; has her own tennis court and a large pavilion with hardwood floors, and her guests are her walking advertisements to her world "out yonder."

From Rymer's Rustic Ranch we landed on top of Kenneth's Castle, near Crystal City, thence to beautiful Keener Cave and spring near Popular Bluff, and on through the following places and towns: Lost Cave of the Romines; old rugged Piedmont Canyon; mysterious Ononada Cave; True Canyon; Black River, which runs through Hunt's farm; James River; Galena, and into Branson, a summer resort on Lake Taney Coma some thirty miles in length, thence into the School of the Ozarks, near Hallister, where the scene was laid for Harold Bell Wright's famous book, "The Shepherd of the Hills." Uncle Ike, Sonney Laney, Wash Gibbs, all are no longer fictitious characters but lived here in the flesh and blood as attested.

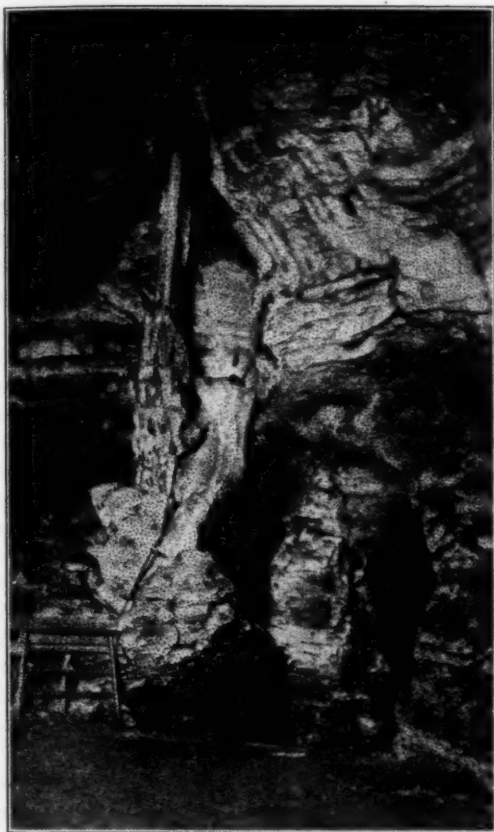
Leaving Branson by boat, we passed through Rockaway Beach, Sure Set Inn, Cedar Point, and Sunken Garden, and into Eureka Springs, 1800 feet above sea level. This city

is free from flies and other annoying insects because of its high altitude. Southeast of Eureka Springs we came to the old battle field of Pea Ridge where many native mountaineers found their final resting place. The battle field, being preserved just as it was left some three score years ago, is known by many excursionists as a place of much interest.

From the battle field of Pea Ridge we made our way in-



BAT ROOM



NEEDLE PASSAGE IN MARVEL CAVE
"THE SENTINEL" IS A STALAGMITE OF PURE ONYX

to Rogers, and into the heart of the apple country, and over the Messa that tops the Ozark mountains, descending into the valley at Monte Ni—, situated on a clear stream which is fed by eleven springs, the biggest of which is Big Springs.

We accompanied the Swiss scientist on into Texas, and finally landed on Lake Austin, which extends twenty-nine miles above the Capitol City where, in 1894, Stansbury of Australia won the world's championship in the international regatta. After exploring several caves near Austin, we crossed the "Swiss Alps" and headed toward San Antonio, known as "The Unique City," since its citizenship and architecture typically represent the romance of pioneer days along with the progress of modern activities. However, with all of San Antonio's progress

there is still, throughout the city, the impressive stamp of Spanish regime.

Here we found three kinds of folks—white folks, black folks, and brown folks—the latter being the Mexican race. Consequently we found three distinctive parts to San Antonio, the Unique City.

For complexities of situation and humorous extremes, San Antonio outrivals any other one American City. Mexican women, garbed true to the colorful traditions of their people, rub shoulders with American women in the latest mode of fashion's decree.

The older generation of women in the Mexican quarter dress in solemn black, with the proverbial black mantilla of their ancestors draped about swarthy heads and shoulders. The younger generation of women, however, know no color or combination of color too bizarre or gay. They radiate in a glorious combination of gay red, pink, brilliant and sparkling yellow, heliotrope, purple, dashing green, and various shades of blue. But once the marriage vows are taken, black predominates in their attire.

And their recreative wants are few, this brown populace of San Antonio. A banjo, phonograph, or mouth harp usually satisfies their day. But the Mexican music is unsurpassed for rhythm and pathos. For example, where can be found a more beautiful musical number than "La Paloma"?

With the Spanish colonists came the padres from Spain and Old Mexico—they of the Order of Saint Francis—and they established here a chain of mission-church edifices. For beauty



THE ALAMO



MISSION CHURCH AT SAN ANTONIO

of architecture and artistry of conception these ancient mission churches for the Indians defy all modern competition. Planned and executed by master craftsmen, they stand as majestic sentinels of America's primitive but artistic past. While padres planned them, the native American or Indian proved no feeble assistant in their erection.

Notable amount this modern city's historical treasures are the Military and Main Plaza, true to every Latin-American tradition; the old Cathedral of San Fernando, with its hoary and time-honored belfry; the old City Hall, City Market Plaza; the Famous "Hay Plaza"; and the Alamo, known and spoken of as the cradle of Texas Liberty.

While San Antonio has modern paved streets and avenues, yet we found many crooked and elusive streets laid out by the Spanish padres, which bewilderingly intersect and criss-cross one another. If a stranger is not careful, he will get lost here quicker than in any other city in America. Many of these streets still retain their early Spanish names. For example, Zazamoras (the Way of the Dolorosa); Ruiz, Yturri, and Buena Vista. True likewise to Spanish tradition, the calendar of the saints has not been overlooked, for one finds St. Mary and St. Marguerita street; and Good San Juan; San Pedro; and San Jose, all represented in the winding thoroughfares of this most unique of America's cities.

From San Antonio we went to the Palo Duro Canyon, said to be the greatest Natural wonder of Texas. It is situated high upon the great

plains of eastern New Mexico and the western line of Texas Panhandle. When the rain falls upon this place, it flows away in three different directions; one going north, which ultimately finds its way into the South Canadian river. Another flows west, and finally swells the waters of Rio Pecos River; and the third goes toward the east and into Red River, which ends in the Mississippi. It was following this eastern flow that we came to, and passed through, the greatest physical wonders of Texas,—the Palo Duro Canyon.

While standing upon this tireless plain where the water divides 3,500 feet above sea level, we looked away in every direction, seeing nothing but a broad and apparently level expanse. However, our eyes were deceived. The plain dipped several degrees in three different directions. These three waterflows have, each in turn, cut great crevices in mother earth miles wide, scores of miles long, and hundreds of feet deep, with vertical walls, and with labyrinths of little canyons within a great canyon. In places it has formed veritable mountains standing isolated in the deep, wide canyon and below the general level of the plain through which the canyon is cut.

Such are the wonders of the work of water through ages of erosion. The bewildering details of little hills, eroded rock formations and shapes; twisted, entwined, and folded strata of the most beautiful gypsum of solid and variegated colors of stone; gigantic cylindrical stone columns hundreds of feet high, many feet thick; huge rock, dripping bluffs and ledges;



RUINS OF MISSION CHURCH

wild deer, coyotes, loafer wolves, foxes, panthers, armadillos, owls, bats, prairie dogs, fish, and numerous varieties of plants and beautiful shrubs; a few remaining buffalos on the Good-night Ranch, whose boundaries touch this great chasm in the earth—all combined to make Palo Duro Canyon the most attractive spot in the Lone Star State to the lovers of Nature and romance.

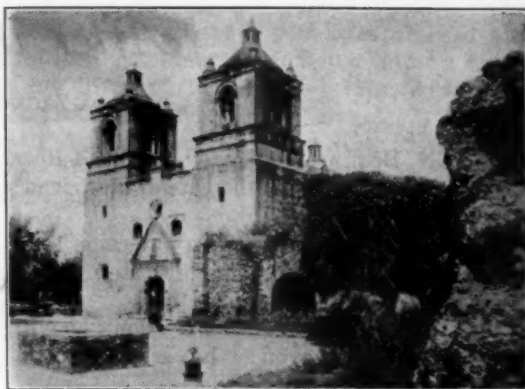
So I lived for three months and discovered many beautiful things, and many miles of sunny smiles. I found the joy of adventure with almost any kind of human being. I found the amazing kindness and generosity of the poor; and last, but not least, I found the possibility of comradeship with almost any kind people; and I found that thread of the underlying beauty that must run through all and doth all unite, of which I had always dreamed.

Hush!

(Continued from page 106)

local Federal official that a revolt against the Union was scheduled for an early date by the Catholics. Furthermore, they stated that arms were positively known to be hidden in or beneath the cathedral for use by the Knights of Columbus when Rome should give the word. The Federal official approached the rector, who gave permission for a search so long as it was to be a thorough one. As the only space beneath the cathedral was the vacant place of three feet between the floor and the ground, the Federal official was not keen on crawling among the toads and cobwebs and he called upon one of his informers, a member of the 'Klan,' to do this part of the investigation. The Klansman found nothing beyond these things and went home soiled and wondering. When pressed for the source of his information concerning the arms, the Klansman said he had overheard a priest speaking of the canon of the Mass."

Allen guffawed vociferously. "If I'd know where this Klansman played euchre, I'd offer a booby prize in the form of a spelling book, and I'd swear that he would be sure to win it." Breaking out anew, the young man walked away chuckling.



ANOTHER SPANISH MISSION CHURCH

The Holy Mass you hear tomorrow may be a milestone in your journey to eternity.

Let us prepare our heart before approaching the Holy Table, lest we tempt God to anger by our irreverence.

Life

J. N. BRACHER

After sunshine, comes the rain,
After pleasure, comes the pain,
Woven in the work of life,
Woven fast and ever rife.

After calm, then comes the storm;
After peace, then sounds alarm
Of the battle to be fought:
In the woof of life 'tis wrought.

After light, the shadows fall,
After joy, comes gloom to all;
White and black are woven in
These life threads so very thin.

After heat, then comes the cold,
After love, is sorrow told;
'Tis the red warp woven through,
Showing ever with the blue.

Sunshine, rain, with calm and storm
Often bring both good and harm;
Light and darkness, heat and cold,
Bring the like, 'tis often told.

Pleasure, pain, with peace and strife
Bring both good and harm in life;
Joy and woe, and love and grief
Give life's work a bold relief.

After the Storm

ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

"**B**EN, Ben, are you ready?" called Ross, as he leaned over the gate of his friend's house.

In answer to the summons a boy came forth from the house and with laggard step walked down the gravel walk to the gate.

"Say, Ross, you won't mind if I don't go with you to-night, will you?" he said, glancing sheepishly at his shoes.

"Why, Ben, what can be keeping you from coming to confession with me?" asked Ross surprisedly.

"Oh, nothing! Nothing in particular!" muttered Ben as a faint blush diffused over his features. "Only—well, I thought I wouldn't—that is all," and so saying he turned as if to re-enter the house.

Ross leaped over the gate, and in a moment was beside his friend, asking in a preoccupied tone of voice:

"Ben, Ben, what is the matter with you? Why don't you look at me? Why don't you come to confession? We have been going together every first Thursday and every first Friday morning has found us at the altar rail since our first Communion. Why won't you

come to-night? Tell me!" And instinctively his arm went around his friend's shoulders in a protective gesture.

But Ben shook himself free and mumbled, "Oh, nothing, nothing! I don't have to go because you do, do I?" And striding

to the house he soon disappeared indoors, leaving his friend staring aghast after him.

"What has come over Ben," thought Ross on his way to the church alone. Ross was not to puzzle long as to the reason of his friend's sudden change.

That very night as he was returning from confession, he called at Ben's home to ask about him in a last attempt to persuade him not to miss Communion the next morning. Ben's aunt told him that Ben had left earlier in the evening in company with some of the boys that lately had moved into the neighborhood. Ross left very disconcerted and for a long time that night he thought of his friend. He felt uneasy about him, for Ross feared the influence which these "new boys" with their careless, sophisticated ways, and their sneering smiles might have on his friend.

The following Sunday as Ross and Ben were returning from Mass, Ross felt he had to have a little heart to heart talk with Ben. A changed Ben—who had sat in a back pew at church and who now was talking to him with a far-away look in his eyes.

Ross asked him outright when he intended to again partake of Communion, and if his new friends had anything to do with his change of heart. Ben became angry at this and answered curtly:

"If you want to know, the truth of the matter is this: I am growing up. I don't have to go so often. I'll go sometime, but not when all the crowd is there. I am a man now, and—" Ross interrupted him.

"Ben, Ben!" he cried with indignation, "you—you are ashamed! You are ashamed! Oh, Ben, what have they done to you?" and there was a tone of accusation in his voice.

"Oh, I am not ashamed," was the peevish reply, "but the boys I go with now think I am a goody-goody."

Ross understood. A look of pain came into his face.

"Ben," he murmured, "give up the company of those boys. They are not helping to make a



THE WINDING TRAIL

man of you; they are making a coward of you—the worst kind of a coward—one who is ashamed to profess his faith."

At that moment, on the other side of the street, four youngsters appeared, laughing and smoking cigarettes. They waved in Ben's direction. Ben saw them and waved in return, and turning to Ross said:

"So long, Ross. See you later!" And he left him standing on the sidewalk.

From that day on, things changed for Ben, to the disappointment of Ross who loved his friend and admired him in the past. It was a slow deterioration process, but apparent in its progress every time that the friends met.

Two months followed and Ross was seen walking to the Communion without his friend on the first Fridays. Each time he received Communion Ross would pray for the deserter who left that place beside him vacant, for he had harbored the strong, unflinching faith in his heart that, sooner or later, his friend would kneel beside him and partake of the Food of the angels.

* * * * *

Two years passed. Ross was sixteen and Ben eighteen, when, one morning, the town became alive with startling news.

During the night the town sheriff had raided a barn which for sometime had been suspected as a meeting place of gambling and drinking parties. Several young men had been discovered in the act of gambling and drinking.—To complicate matters, while the sheriff and his men were performing their duty, one of the young men, a certain Ben, had resisted the law. Frantic by rage and drink, he had hurled a lantern at the head of the sheriff and attempted to escape in the turmoil which ensued. Fortunately the sheriff had only been wounded and the youth had been captured and now was in jail with the other rounders, awaiting sentence.

As soon as Ross heard of what had taken place, he hastened to the jail in an attempt to see his friend. After some difficulty he was admitted to his presence. The meeting of the two was pathetic. Ben was sober by this time but his bloodshot eyes leered at his former friend as he said in a surly drawl:

"And now what do you want?"

With a gesture of appeal Ross reached his hand through the bars, unable to utter a word in his distress. Ben drawled, refusing to take the proffered hand:

"I suppose you come to tell me, 'I told you so!' Well, you can go home and save yourself the trouble."

"Oh, I did not come for that?" cried Ross. "I wanted to tell you that if you need a friend—if you would like to have a priest—it would make you feel better."

Ben sneered: "A Priest! Don't worry about me, young man! I don't need any one, thank you! I am only sorry that I did not break the head of that sheriff—that's all!"

Ross realized there was no hope of bringing his friend back on the right path when he was in such a state of mind, and looking into the vacant eyes from whose depth all vestige of peace had vanished, he said:

"Ben, I am sorry—for you! But remember, no matter how dark things may be for you, once a Catholic, always a Catholic—and some day the peace of the Lord will return to your heart."

With these words Ross left that cell of horrors where love and light had been excluded.

At the trial, Ben, who had been reluctant to have his friends see him walk to the altar, sat before the judge's seat a culprit, judged by the law of men with the eyes of the small town upon him.

Hundreds of faces stared at him from the benches and loafers peered in through the windows of the court room as the jury read the verdict—"Five years in jail."

* * *

The private car of superintendent Ross Travis



PALO DURO CANYON

was stopping at the pumping station while the train was taking on a fresh supply of water.

Superintendent Travis looked up from his desk. He was a fine looking man of about fifty with gray hair brushed back from a high forehead. Two kindly, resolute, steel-gray eyes looked out from his mild face.

Life had been a success for superintendent Travis. He had gathered many satisfactions. There was something about his face which marked him as one who has made a successful journey and who has lived in a way which insures goodly continuation of it.

As he looked up from the papers before him, his eyes wandered to a group of men, led by a brakeman, who were passing by his window. A dispute seemed to be afoot.

Ross Travis, who took interest in all that concerned his men, walked to the door of the car, stepped out on the observation platform and looked with concern at the scene being enacted before him.

The brakeman, the baggage man, and two station men were pushing a tramp toward the round house. Travis called to the conductor.

"Say, Collins, what's up?"

The conductor turned, touched his cap, and said, pointing to the tramp:

"Sir, we found this bum inside a freight car!"

"Wait a moment!" said Travis. "Bring him up here!"

The conductor did not seem surprised at this strange order, for he knew the interest that their superintendent always manifested in derelicts, and the tramp was ushered into the private car.

"You may go, Collins," said the superintendent when the man stood before him. The conductor withdrew. Travis with a smile waved the man to a seat beside him and said:

"Pretty cold outside. How would you like a hot cup of coffee?"

The man, who was looking down furtively with the expression of a hunted animal in his eyes, looked up in surprise at the words.

"Coffee? You offer me coffee?" he muttered. For answer Travis rang a bell and to the porter who appeared he called out jovially, "Coffee for two, Tom—piping hot!" And

turned to read some letters, but in reality to allow his guest to compose himself.

The tramp sat on the leather-covered, easy-chair rubbing his hands, looking suspiciously at his host, then glanced into the mirror opposite with a look of chagrin.

He was a man nearing fifty, as he sat there a big fellow, stoop-shouldered and with a general look of dejection that spelled failure in all that a man's life can offer, an uncouth beard covered the lower part of his face, shaggy eyebrows shadowed his eyes, his face was red from cold and exposure to dust and smoke, his hands twined and untwined nervously.

When the coffee was brought, Ross Travis turned to his guest, offering the steaming cup with a gesture of pleasing hospitality. Both drank in silence. Then Travis asked in a matter-of-fact voice, "Where are you going?" As he said this the train moved. The man started, in alarm, and asked with a note of panic in his voice:

"Where are you going to take me? To jail?"

"No," came the calm reply, "I am going to take you wherever you are going, if this train takes you to the place."

"I am going nowhere—" said the man, suspiciously looking out at the fast moving landscape.

"Well, then," smiled Travis, "maybe you would like to come with me. I am going to Dallas."

The man set the coffee cup down and bending forward said in a hissing voice, "Are you making fun of me? Look! The train is moving! Are you going to have them throw me overboard while it's in motion?"

"Why, no," said Travis reassuringly, "you are my guest, and as such you are going to travel with me." And after a pause he asked, "I suppose you are looking for work?"

The man sneered, "Yes, looking for work—for work! That is what I have been doing—that's what I am doing—from one place to another. Work? Yes, work—but who wants me?"

"Why don't they want you?" asked Travis. He seemed to sense a note of pathetic appeal in the man's tragic voice. The tramp was slowly gaining confidence, and the warmth of the coffee seemed to send a bit of color to his wan

face. He looked at Travis and suddenly asked: "Why do you talk to me like that? Why are you kind to me? No one is kind to me. I am a tramp! A tramp—do you hear me! I am a jail bird! I am an outcast—one who just a few minutes ago was caught stealing a ride. I am nothing to you—why do you talk to me like that?" Travis said in a low, even voice:

"You are my brother. You are in trouble. It makes no difference if I don't know you! We are all children of the same Father. The love of God unites us." It was then that a most unexpected thing happened. A tear, a burning tear, rolled down from the eyes of the tramp and a convulsive sob shook his frame. A voice that sounded far away came from his lips.

"Love? Love of the Father? Who talks of God to me? I believed in Him once; I denied Him. He has forgotten me. Who are you who talks to me of God?"

"I am your brother and names don't matter, but the name I go by is Ross Travis."

The tramp rose to his feet, a queer look drifted across his face as he stared at the man before him as if confronted by an apparition. His hand shook as if from palsy and his trembling lips murmured:

"Ross—Ross—you—you—I—I am—"

In that moment a note of the old voice crawled into the voice of the man that was awakening. The derelict that stood before Superintendent Ross Travis, and Superintendent Ross Travis recognized it. He instinctively opened his arms and his lips shaped the words: "Ben—Ben—you—you! My prayer has been answered!"

Just then the porter entered to take the cups. He stopped in the doorway aghast, at the sight which met his eyes. Superintendent Ross Travis was holding the hands of a tramp and both the tramp and the superintendent had tears in their eyes.

The porter tiptoed from the drawing room.

* * * * *

The lights of the approaching city appeared in the distance. Two men sat in the private drawing-room of the superintendent of the railroad.

Travis, smoking a cigar, leaned back in the cushioned chair as he talked to a man dressed

in a dark suit which fitted him a bit loosely—a man whom no one would have recognized as the tramp of the previous day. He was clean-shaven, smiling—. His careworn face bore the light of hope. A strange rejuvenation seemed to have taken place within him. The two sat, seemingly at the end of a long conversation.

"And so you will be in charge of those men, beginning from next Monday," Travis was saying. "Let's see; what day is to-day?" He reached up to a calendar on the wall. "Why it's Thursday, the third."

They both remained silent for a time. Then Ben asked in a matter-of-fact voice:

"Say, I suppose there are Catholic churches in that city?"

"Yes," came the matter-of-fact answer.

"It's Thursday, isn't it?" asked Ben. "And tomorrow is the first Friday."

"Yes," said Travis. "Strange isn't it?"

After these words both sat looking at the approaching lights.

* * * * *

Friday morning the church bells rang—three lingering staccato sounds over the morning stillness. A man passing in the street took off his hat.

Inside of the church of Saint Mary, people here and there slowly rose from their seats. From one of the front pews of the church two men came forth and walked side by side to the altar rail.

As they knelt there the years seemed to roll back and they saw each other as in that day of old when side by side in the little church in their home town they had received for the first time the great gift—the gift that again was uniting them with the peace of love and forgiveness which links the world. Ever triumphing over prejudice and false gods of material pride.

—————

The supernatural peace which hovers in and around a Catholic church is a natural result of the Presence of Christ, the Prince of Peace, in the tabernacle.

—————

Be careful during the hot weather not to throw aside modesty and reverence for the Blessed Sacrament under the guise of alleviating personal inconvenience.

St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin

S. M.

FOUR thousand years had elapsed since God's promise to Adam and now the time of its fulfilment was at hand. A glance backward through the centuries reveals the finger of God directing and guiding the events which were to prepare the world for the Incarnation of His Holy Son.

How wonderful that preparation! A chosen race; a chosen tribe; and a chosen family. All were indispensable to the welding of the great bond between God and man. Types had foreshadowed the Redeemer; Prophets had spoken of Him; His character had been described, the events of His life had been revealed, the land of His birth and the very moment of His coming had been made known.

The chosen race, subjected by destiny to cruel wars, national calamities, and servile bondage in alien lands, had survived them all, for from that race was to be born Mary, the daughter of Anne, and Mother of the Messiah.

Anne, of whom was to be born "the Virgin unspotted," was living unknown at Bethlehem. Sprung from the race of Abraham, the tribe of Juda, the royal line of David, and the priestly house of Levi, in her were fulfilled the conditions revealed by the prophets. The beautiful name, Anne, by which she was called, signifies "grace," a worthy title for the mother of her who was "full of grace." Tradition relates that Anne was born in Bethlehem and was the youngest of three sisters, one of whom became the mother of Elizabeth, the wife of Zachary; the other married Cleophas, whose sons James and Jude were followers of Our Lord. She was gifted with a deep knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and devoted herself to the contemplation of things divine. Her beauty of person equalled that of her soul, which from childhood was humble, saintly, and adorned with virtue. Like all Jewish maidens, she dwelt lovingly on the thought of the Messiah, about to be born of her race, and wondered in her girlish way who would be chosen by God to be the Mother of His Son.

When the time came for Anne to marry, she

prayed that God would give her a husband who would help her in her efforts to keep His law. In Joachim, she found him who was predestined to her that God willed her to marry this holy man.

Like his royal ancestor, David, he led a pastoral life and guarded his flocks and herds. According to St. Jerome, he lived in Galilee and had a house at Nazareth. In a dream he seemed to hear an angel telling him that God wished him to marry Anne. He was to cherish her and guard her as a precious gift.

After their marriage they lived in Bethlehem a life simple and upright before God. They would have been ideally happy if their union had been blessed with children. For twenty years Anne implored God to give ear to her request. It was her unceasing prayer that He would remove from her the stigma, which the Jews considered a punishment from God.

In the words of a quaint old legend, Anne and Joachim served the Lord in singleness of heart. They divided their substance into three parts, one for the service of the Temple, one for the poor and the stranger, and the third for their household. On a certain feast day Joachim brought double offerings to the Lord, according to his custom, for he said: "Out of my superfluity will I give for the whole people, that I may find favor with the Lord, and forgiveness of my sins." But when Joachim brought his gift, the high priest opposed him, saying: "It is not lawful for thee to bring thy offering, seeing that thou hast not begot issue in Israel." And Joachim was exceedingly sorrowful, and went down to his house. And he called to mind his father Abraham, to whom in his old age had been granted a son Isaac. And Joachim was more and more sorrowful, and he would not be seen by his wife, but went away into the pastures where were the shepherds and sheepcotes. But Anne, his wife, remained lonely in her house, and mourned with a twofold sorrow.

Then the last day of the feast drew near, and Judith, her handmaid, said to Anne: "How

long wilt thou afflict thy soul thus? Behold the feast of the Lord is come, and it is not lawful for thee thus to mourn. Take this silken fillet and bind it round thy head, it is fitting for thee, whose brow is as the brow of a queen." And Anne replied: "Such things are not for me, for the Lord hath humbled me." And Judith answered: "Thou wilt not hearken to my voice, worse I cannot wish thee than that with which the Lord hath afflicted thee, that thou shouldst not be a mother in Israel."

Anne was sorely troubled. And she laid aside her mourning garments, and adorned her head, and put on bridal attire; and she went forth to her garden, and sat down under a laurel bush and prayed earnestly. And looking up to heaven she saw within the laurel bush a sparrow's nest, and mourning within herself, she said: "Alas! woe is me! to what shall I be likened? Not to the unreasoning beasts of the earth, for they are fruitful in thy sight, O Lord! Woe is me! to what shall I be likened? I cannot be likened to the birds of the air for they are fruitful in Thy sight, O Lord. Woe is me! to what can I be likened? Not to these waters, for they are fruitful in Thy sight, O Lord! Woe is me! to what shall I be likened? Not unto the earth, for the earth bringeth forth her fruit in due season, and praiseth Thee, O Lord!"

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by her and said; "Anne, thy prayer is heard; thou shalt bring forth a child, and her name shall be blessed throughout the world." And Anne said: "Praise be to the God of Israel; my child, be it man or maid, I shall present it an offering to the Lord." And behold another angel came to see her and said: "See thy husband Joachim is coming with his shepherds; for an angel hath spoken to him also and hath comforted him with promises." And Anne went forth to meet her husband, and Joachim came from the pasture and they met at the Golden Gate; and Anne ran and embraced her husband and said: "Now know I that the Lord hath blessed me." And in time Anne brought forth a daughter, and she called the name of her child Mary, which in the Hebrew is Miriam.

The scenes in this quaint pastoral have been pictured by Christian artists from the early centuries. Albert Dürer's set of wood cuts of the life of Our Lady shows Joachim being re-

jected by the high priest. Other painters have treated the same subject. "Joachim herding his sheep on the mountain" is another favorite source of inspiration among Italian painters. The altercation between Anne and her maid Judith has also been depicted, but the "Meeting of Joachim and Anne at the Golden Gate" is a favorite composition with artists of all nations.

From the writings of St. John Damascene it is ascertained that the parents of Our Lady lived in a house situated at the foot of Mount Moriah, not far from the Pool of Probatica. These Jewish houses were small, with two or three rooms on the ground floor, and the usual upper chambers and flat roof of eastern buildings. In the early Christian centuries, a Church dedicated to St. Anne was erected to mark this venerated spot. Close by arose a monastery of Benedictine Nuns who day and night sang the praises of Him whose mother was here "conceived without sin." Church and monastery fell into ruins with the decline of Christianity in Jerusalem. Twice destroyed by the Mussulmans, the Church rose again in the time of the Crusades, and is now one of the best preserved of that period. The crypt, a kind of grotto cut in the rock, is part of the original house of St. Anne. An altar now stands on the place where it is supposed the Blessed Virgin was born. After the Crimean War, this ancient sanctuary was given up by the Sultan and handed over to the French.

France has long been identified with the cultus of St. Anne. The greater portion of the saint's body was transferred to the town of Apt in Southern France at the time of the later Crusades, and is still venerated there.

From early times she has been the patroness of Brittany. The Bretons honor her as their "grandmother." Many times in their seafaring lives they have had reason to thank her for her protection—the Mother of the "Star of the Sea" does not forget her clients!

*"C'est notre mere a tous; mort ou vivant dit-on
A Sainte Anne, une fois, doit aller, tout Breton."*

There is a world-famed shrine of the Saint at Auray in Brittany, and another, the offshoot from the soil of France, St. Anne de Beaupre in Canada. They both offer ample testimony to the grace obtained through the intercession of the good "St. Anne."

"This people honoreth me with their lips: but their heart is far from me. And in vain do they worship me,

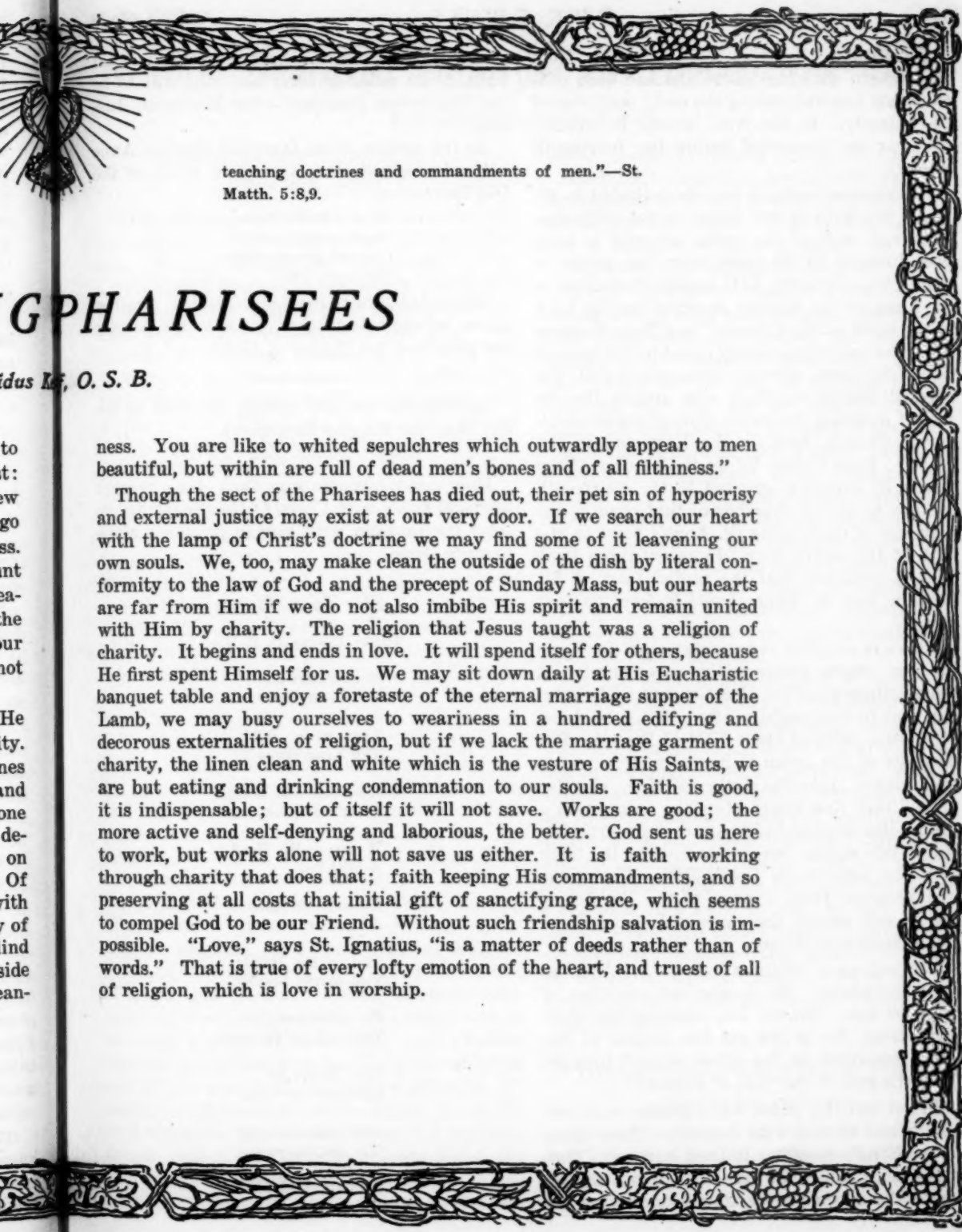
PREENING PH

Placidus M., O. S.



O the Apostle St. Philip certain Gentiles, "who came up to adore on the festival day," once came with the request: "Sir, we would see Jesus." Philip told Andrew, and Andrew and Philip told Jesus. In order to see Jesus we need but go to the nearest church at the morning hour of the Mass. The altar is not merely the hill of sacrifice. It is also the mount whence Jesus still propounds His doctrine, summarized in the eight beatitudes. A striking portion of that sermon, chosen as the Gospel of the Fifth Sunday after Pentecost, conveys an important lesson. "Unless your justice abounds more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

From the gospel narrative we learn the loving traits of the Savior. He is patient; He is kind; He is merciful; He is full of condoning pity. He pays "visits of mere civility," as they would be called to-day. He dines with the outcasts of society. He is accessible to sinners. He is broad and tolerant in His interpretation of Tradition and the Law. But, for one class of men He has no pity. Upon them He pours out His scorn. He denounces those who give scandal, and He is, of anything, harder still on those who take it. This last class was made up chiefly of the Pharisees. Of all the denunciations of our Blessed Lord, none are quite so charged with anger as the words with which He unmasks the unreality and hypocrisy of their religion. "Woe to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, blind guides, you serpents, generation of vipers! You make clean the outside of the cup and of the dish, but within you are full of rapine and unclean-



teaching doctrines and commandments of men."—St.
Matth. 5:8,9.

PHARISEES

idus M, O. S. B.

ness. You are like to whited sepulchres which outwardly appear to men beautiful, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all filthiness."

Though the sect of the Pharisees has died out, their pet sin of hypocrisy and external justice may exist at our very door. If we search our heart with the lamp of Christ's doctrine we may find some of it leavening our own souls. We, too, may make clean the outside of the dish by literal conformity to the law of God and the precept of Sunday Mass, but our hearts are far from Him if we do not also imbibe His spirit and remain united with Him by charity. The religion that Jesus taught was a religion of charity. It begins and ends in love. It will spend itself for others, because He first spent Himself for us. We may sit down daily at His Eucharistic banquet table and enjoy a foretaste of the eternal marriage supper of the Lamb, we may busy ourselves to weariness in a hundred edifying and decorous externalities of religion, but if we lack the marriage garment of charity, the linen clean and white which is the vesture of His Saints, we are but eating and drinking condemnation to our souls. Faith is good, it is indispensable; but of itself it will not save. Works are good; the more active and self-denying and laborious, the better. God sent us here to work, but works alone will not save us either. It is faith working through charity that does that; faith keeping His commandments, and so preserving at all costs that initial gift of sanctifying grace, which seems to compel God to be our Friend. Without such friendship salvation is impossible. "Love," says St. Ignatius, "is a matter of deeds rather than of words." That is true of every lofty emotion of the heart, and truest of all of religion, which is love in worship.

Devotion to the saint came primarily from the eastern churches where she had been continuously honored during the early centuries of Christianity. In the West, except in France, she was not venerated before the fourteenth century.

In Constantinople, a church dedicated to St. Anne was built in her honor in the sixth century, and part of her relics are said to have been brought to the same town two centuries later. Pope Gregory XIII speaks of devotion to St. Anne as "an ancient devotion tracing back to the birth of the Church," and Pope Gregory XV, who was miraculously cured by the invocation of St. Anne, solemnly pronounced that "the Blessed Mother of Mary was always the object of a special reverence throughout the Universal Church, both in the East and in the West." Pope Urban VI, at the request of the Queen of England, granted in the fourteenth century to all the churches of that country the privilege of celebrating St. Anne's feast on the 26th of July every year. In recent times Pope Pius X ordained that the united feast of St. Joachim and St. Anne should be kept on that day.

There is a quaint representation of St. Anne in the statue possessed by a community of Benedictines since the 17th Century. The original was in a monastery often visited by Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII of France. The devotion of the queen to her holy patroness is well known. Like the mother of Mary, she also prayed that God would bless her union with a child. Her prayers to St. Anne—very probably before this statue—were answered by the birth of a son, afterwards Louis XIV. The statue was removed from France at the Revolution and is still among the venerated treasures of this Benedictine house.

But not alone mothers look to St. Anne as their patroness; she is also the guardian of those on sea. Miners, too, consider her their protectress, for is she not the mother of her who, "beautiful as the silver moon," brought forth the gold of the "Sun of Justice?"

In her own day Anne was a hidden saint, unknown and treated with indignity. The "glory of the King's daughter is from within." Thus was it with Anne. So also with Mary. God allowed the mother to be thus hidden, that the

glory which was to be hers might be in that light, alone reflected from her, who was to be the "Speculum Justitiae"—the Mirror of Justice.

As the mother of the Queen of Heaven, Anne holds the highest place among the saints of the Old Testament.

"Gaude mater Anna,
Gaude mater sancta,
Cum sis parens facta
Genitricis Dei."

Which, in effect, means: Rejoice mother Anne, rejoice holy mother, for thou art become the parent of the Mother of God.

Sacraments are holy things, but none is holier than the Blessed Sacrament.

How many business men face the present financial crisis *with Christ*? How many try to solve the problem with human prudence alone to guide them?

The Two Marys

DOM PLACID, O. S. B.

Most sinless one—
Behold thy Son!

Thou wilful child,—
Thy King reviled!

Aye, Son and King
(Strange welcoming!)

Wears on His Head
A fillet red.

And on His Heart
A blazoned smart.

And on His Hands
Two scarlet brands.

On crimsoned Feet
Two nails.—'Tis meet

That Marys be
Last seen by Thee.

And since that day
'Tis just the way

Both stand beside
The Crucified!

Newly Beatified Martyrs of Benedictine Order

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

BLESSED MAURUS SCOTT, O. S. B.

(May 30th, 1612)

This martyr, called William in baptism, was the scion of a Protestant gentry family in Essex. He was educated at Westminster school, which is still flourishing and which was housed in the buildings of the ancient famous abbey of that name. The atmosphere there was not friendly to Catholics, neither was it so at the University of Cambridge, where he went to study law. He made great progress there, and at the age of twenty-two, in the year 1600, he took his degree of bachelor. Thereupon he went to London, apparently to complete his studies, and to prepare himself at one of the Inns of Court for his profession as a lawyer. As there were a number of fervent Catholics amongst the members of the legal profession in London, it is not strange that the talented and morally good-living young man was introduced to Blessed John Roberts. Through the instrumentality of the latter he became a convert, and was received by him into the bosom of the Catholic Church at the age of twenty-five in the year 1603. The friendship between the two remained most intimate until the death of Blessed John. William Scott decided to follow the example of his spiritual master, and, no doubt by his advice and help he went to Spain to make his novitiate there, the monastery at Douay then not yet existing. There he was professed in the Abbey of Sahagun, and after some years of study he was ordained priest in 1610. When shortly afterwards he passed through France on his way to England, he stayed with his English brethren at Saint Gregory's Priory at Douay, of which his spiritual father, Blessed John Roberts, was a co-founder. The latter was at the time a prisoner in London, and Father Maurus, as he then was, had the grace of being one of the guests at the supper given to the martyr in Newgate prison by Donna Luisa. He also witnessed the martyrdom of his spiritual father, and it was he who brought about the saving of the martyr's relics from the criminals' grave and had them carried to the do-

mestic chapel of Donna Luisa de Carvajal.

Shortly afterwards he was himself captured and imprisoned in the same Newgate jail where he was kept for a year. Then he was banished with a number of other priests. On arriving at Douay, he stayed at the Priory of St. Gregory; and as his Spanish superiors were always willing to let their English subjects join their countrymen in Flanders, he became a member of St. Gregory's monastery. Staying there only a few months, he returned to England, but was captured on landing in May, 1612. He was tried, but no proof of his priesthood could be found: for a paper discovered amongst his belongings, which contained permission to say holy Mass, did not mention his name. In spite of this he was condemned for high treason, as it was assumed that he had been ordained priest and had returned to England against the laws. After the sentence he cried out: "Thanks be to God!" and then also declared that he was a priest and a monk of the Order of Saint Benedict.

On May 30th he was dragged to Tyburn for his execution, and on the scaffold declared that his only crime was his priesthood; also that he was ready to die, if his death should be of any use to the king, for whom he prayed. Just before him the Blessed Thomas Newport, a secular priest, had been hanged and was immediately cut down and disembowelled. During this ghastly butchery our martyr was left hanging at the gallows; and when the executioners came back to do the same to him, he was already dead. A few days before his death he had written a parting message to his superior at Douay, in which he signed himself: "The son and brother of your paternity and his convent. Fr. Maurus Scott."

THE BLESSED EDWARD AMBROSE BARLOW

(September 10, 1641)

Bishop Challoner in his "Memoirs of Missionary Priests" (Vol. II.) gives us from contemporary sources such a charming sketch of Dom Ambrose that only want of space can force

one to summarize it. He was born at Manchester in 1585 of good Catholic parents, his Father having been repeatedly imprisoned for the faith. He received a good religious and liberal education, by which his sweetness of temper, as well as his inclination to piety and learning were happily developed. At the age of twelve he became a page in the house of a relation of prominent social standing; but early considering the emptiness and vanity of temporal things and the greatness of the eternal, he decided to withdraw himself from the world and to go abroad in order to be trained in virtue and learning, and to become enabled to serve God and his native country as a priest.

The university of Douay being then highly esteemed in England, he went there first to study humanities, and then travelled to Valladolid for his courses of philosophy and theology. Before he had finished the latter, however, he followed the example of his brother, and went to Douay in order to become a Benedictine in St. Gregory's Monastery. After his profession and ordination, he went to England and there worked over twenty years in Lancashire. This Duchy has always been remarkable as the most Catholic part in England; its habitants are a happy mixture of British and Saxon blood, determined to the boundary of obstinacy, and they believe themselves intellectually superior to the Midlanders and Southerners. Protestantism never appealed to them, although many conformed in order to escape the penalties. Even these could not regularly be enforced, there being so many Catholic large land-owners and nobles. For these reasons Father Ambrose could move about rather openly;

and although he was arrested four times he was never tried till the end, and never banished.

He was urged to live comfortably in large gentlemen's houses; but he preferred to live with small farmers, so that the poor should have free and easy access to him. The money, with which he was supplied by his wealthy clients for his personal use, went to the poor of his vast parish. He would not use a horse, put at his disposal to traverse it more easily, but went about on foot. He shunned the simple domestic festivities in which the Catholics ventured

to indulge, would not drink wine or stay unnecessarily in the company of women; the reason being, as he told a great lady, the saying of the wise man: "Women and wine make the wise apostatize." When he was not active in the works of his ministry, he occupied himself with prayers, and with painting holy pictures. Meditation on the Passion of Our Lord was his chief devotion. He lived very strictly and sparingly, and his ascetical life was so much appreciated that people brought to him persons possessed by the devil that he might exorcise them.

His natural temperament was of a humorous character. This

helped him much to correct faults, to reconcile people, and settle their differences; but he would not have been a Lancashire man, if he had not used plain and straight talk, when it was needed. Public sins and scandals caused him great pain; and towards the end of his life the fear of a great imminent scandal threw him into the state of dangerous paralysis, which brought him to death's door and deprived him for a time of the use of his limbs. As no Priest could be found for some time, he could not receive the sacraments, and



BLESSED EDWARD AMBROSE BARLOW

saw his extensive flock deprived of holy Mass. This grieved him very much, especially as he had always hoped to suffer as a martyr; but he was fully resigned to die of this illness. At last a Jesuit Father came and administered to him the last sacraments, after which he slowly, but never fully, recovered.

On Easter day, 1641, some hundred Catholics had met in a house, and as usual he heard their confessions, said holy Mass, and preached, in spite of his weakness. At the same time a neighboring Protestant parish had met for service, numbering about 400. The parson, instead of praying with his people and preaching his Easter sermon, proposed to them "a work more pleasing to God," viz., to go and apprehend Barlow, that noted popish priest, who would now be surely amidst his flock; whereas, if they waited till after their service, they would miss the opportunity. Father Barlow had finished his Mass and was just preaching to his flock of 100 Catholics on the subject of patience. When they noticed the house was besieged, they entreated the man of God to hide himself in one of the places specially constructed for such emergencies; but he would not leave his sheep to the mercy of these wolves. He extorted them all to constancy and, declaring himself ready to suffer anything for Christ, he ordered the door to be opened. The mob cried out for him, and secured him, letting the rest go. They searched the house for valuables, but could not find his bag which contained a considerable sum of money that had lately been given him by a benefactor for the poor; for this fact he was thankful and from his prison ordered its distribution.

The arrest, having been made without warrant, was afterwards legalized by a justice of the peace, who sent the prisoner, guarded by sixty men, to Lancaster prison. The martyr would not allow some of his friends to incur severe penalties by rescuing him forcibly. He was still so weak that he could neither walk, nor even sit on horseback without being held by someone. The offer of his friends to have his trial transferred to London, or to have his sentence substituted by banishment, he blankly refused, declaring that, as he must die sooner or later, he could not die a better death than for this cause, i. e., the exercise of his priesthood.

During four months' imprisonment, which in spite of his weak health, he bore with great fortitude, he even seemed to gain strength. The judge at his trial declared he had instructions from parliament that, if a priest were convicted at Lancaster, he must see the law fully executed for a terror to the numerous Catholics in the county. Father Barlow freely owned that for above twenty years he had exercised priestly functions in the kingdom. When asked why, after the late proclamation, he had not in obedience to it left the kingdom, he said, that even his accusers knew him to have been unable to travel at the time on account of his severe illness. When the judge wanted his opinion about the penal laws, he declared them unjust and impious, and the executors thereof guilty of eternal damnation. The judge could not help admiring his constancy and intrepidity. At last he asked the prisoner: "Do you not know I am your judge?" "Yes," answered the Father, "but only in matters temporal; for in the court of conscience *I am your judge.*" After obtaining from the jury the verdict of "Guilty," the judge sentenced him to the death of a traitor. Fr. Barlow heard the sentence with a cheerful countenance and said: "Thanks be to God." Then he prayed heartily to the divine majesty to forgive all those who had in any way been accessory to his death. The judge, being much impressed by his charity, granted him a favor, which he asked, viz., that he should have a chamber to himself that he might, undisturbed, prepare himself for his exit.

On being dragged to the place of execution, he carried a wooden cross which he had made for himself; and going round the gallows he recited the "Miserere." To some ministers, who wanted even then to dispute with him about religion, he said he had something else to do than to listen to their fooleries. He suffered the cruel death with great constancy in the fifty-fifth year of his age, after an exceptionally long time of priestly ministry, compared with that of the other martyrs.

(To be continued)

Sport-model Catholics are not presentable before the throne of God—because the simple and patient features of the Crucified One are not readily discernible to God's searching gaze.

High Lights of the Yellowstone

MARY C. SHAW

NOW that we have passed through the gates and have left the park far behind, we can see the outstanding features of that most fascinating place.

One of the high lights that serves to link together the past, the present, and the future, is the curious mineral formation found at Mammoth Hot Springs. Just at this spot the country is rolling, with frequent outcroppings of banks and rocky ledges.

For miles, as one approaches these springs, glimpses are caught of a whitish, unreal-looking knoll in the distance, while a nearer view reveals strata and terraces in a great diversity of colors—old ivory, terra cotta, white, tan, pale and deep creams, grey, light yellows, soft pinks and browns. All has a chalky appearance and consists of mineral deposits in variety.

From this curious terraced hillside are issuing clouds of steam, while tiny rivulets are bubbling and trickling down the banks and forming into puddles or miniature rapids. In the midst are trees, some standing, others fallen, but all dead, choked and poisoned by the strongly impregnated water. The whole very forcefully reminds us of the action and flow of lava, and is just as sure in its unfailing destruction of life.

At the edge of the mineral deposits, however, are found shrubs that are not yet quite dead, and some smaller vegetation, while a bit further away is a group of beautiful trees fluttering their leaves in the breezes. But, as we

observe the springs and their unceasing activities, and those unusual formations, we know that the days of the trees are numbered.

Some of this mineral deposit is firm to the touch, while other portions have very much the appearance and feeling of cuttlefish bone as it crumbles in the fingers.

Here are found in many colors all sorts of peculiar forms. There are depressions, excrescences, overhanging shelves, and something very like stalactites and stalagmites.

One can wander over a large area in this section, all of the same general character, but still with enough variation in the forms to make a stay of several days most interesting and profitable. There are dry craters, others

filled with bubbling, red mud and called paint pots, mounds, caves and so on.

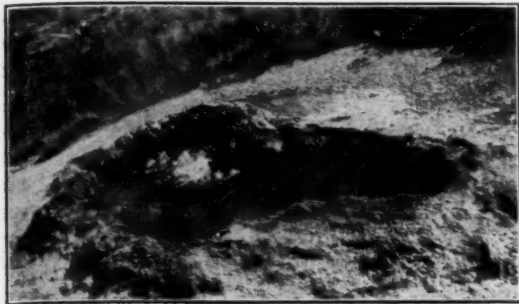
Another portion of the park which affords a real and exciting adventure, is that basin where are the Norris Hot Springs. After having driven for several miles over smooth, winding roads through a hilly country, well timbered with lodgepole pines and crossed by swiftly rushing mountain streams, we descend into these flats. Here are innumerable hot springs of all sizes, shapes and colors. A rough board walk will, if we watch our step, serve as a path of safety and keep our feet from parboiling while we wend our devious way through this maze that verily seems like a venture into some far-away, foreign planet. Here are sputterings and rumblings, puffing



A MINERAL FORMATION



A CLOSE-UP OF THE TERRACES



A HOT SPRING

steam and bubbling waters, baby geysers spouting here and there, hot puddles spreading about, sudden splashes, startling roars, and horrifying hisses that make one really think of Hades!

Then, as we look about, we are charmed with the varied forms and colors. Here are the most exquisite blues, greens, and copper pinks and purples, both brilliant and delicately subdued in tone; greys, creams, black, and various browns being interspersed in close proximity. These wonderful tints and hues are due to the different minerals which the springs contain, and although the water is often quite clear, deposits around the basin are highly colored.

Some of the outstanding geysers found here are: Black Growler, with a constant and awful roar, much steam and coal-black deposit; the Minute Man—well named, as it is almost continually erupting to a height of thirty feet; and Monarch which furiously explodes and erupts at irregular intervals, sending great columns of water a hundred feet into the air.

Then, among the boiling springs we see the Bath Tub, Opal Springs, the beautiful Iris and Emerald pools. These form a most colorful display. However, there are others positively hideous in appearance, having inky or murky waters, and in their violent agitation splashing and spattering mud over their surroundings. Such is the Devil's Ink Stand.

Words are inadequate, for this is indeed a fairyland of scientific wonders. For its exploration and enjoyment, above all other needs, is plenty of time, which is that very important thing so often lacking. But, however seen, it is a most marvelous experience, and one that is not at all likely to be repeated.

There are few places where these wonders exist, and even then, those in other localities have been compared with Yellowstone's as a teapot tempest to the real thing.

Naming the Baby

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

ALL parents have the privilege of naming their own children. Catholic parents have, besides, the duty of giving their children Christian names, the names of saints. To name the baby is not always an easy matter. One mother finds it difficult to choose a name which will suit father or the other members of the family, another doesn't know whether this or that name will please Aunt Mary or Uncle Joe, or whether Grandpa So-and-So would want little grandson called after him, etc., etc. Perhaps such considerations as these gave occasion to the following lines of a recent writer:

The naming of a baby is
A mighty serious thing;
It lasts as long as he does,—
Even memories of it cling.

The story is told of a priest, who, wishing to use the city directory in a downtown drugstore in Cincinnati, was forced by a lady to wait several minutes while she was using it "to find a good name for a baby." It is sincerely to be hoped that no Catholic mother would ever have to resort to a telephone book or directory in order to find a suitable name for her child. *Catholic children born of Catholic parents should bear Catholic names.* Boys' names, such as, Emery, Neal, Speed, Grant and the like, are not Catholic names; they are not to be found in any catalog of the Saints. The same is to



THE BASIN

be said of many girls' names, for example, Garnet, Daisy, Ethel, Sibyl, Pearl, or Ruby. No priest is permitted to baptize an infant without giving it the name of some saint as its baptismal name, and accordingly the following well merited rebuke, although it may sound very amusing, was intended most seriously.

A fond mother brought her baby for baptism and requested that the priest name it "Hazel," but the good old Irish pastor said rather impatiently, "Madam, I'll name your infant after a saint and not after a nut."

It is generally a craze for novelty that causes people to inflict outlandish names on their defenceless offspring. They entirely lose sight of the fact, that names should be given not only to distinguish individuals, one from the other, but also to signify something or recall some past event to their bearers. Would some parents, were they asked, be able to say with certainty that the persons, whose names their children bear, are in heaven? If they have named them after Saints, their children will enjoy the

protection and especial love of those Saints, who will use their influence at God's throne to protect and help their little namesakes on this earth.

Every saint's name has connected with it a history or, at least, (as in the case of some early martyrs) the glorious memory of an heroic death for the Name of Christ. The name of the patron saint calls to mind the particular virtues practiced by that saint, which is an added benefit to the bearer. The good old names of Mary and Joseph, John, Patrick, Catherine, Gertrude, Louis, Thomas, James, Helen, Frances, William and others, always find many bearers to perpetuate them through the lifetime of successive generations. They are the names of holy men and women, heroes of God, soldiers of Christ's army, members of the Catholic Church Triumphant in heaven. The noble ones of this earth may be proud of their family ancestry, but these truly Catholic names bring with them indeed noble ancestries, which will make Catholics proud of the baptismal name as well as of the family name.

Russia, Religion, and World Peace

JOHN H. SHEEHAN

"RUSSIA'S Red Army awaits the coming of those who wish to crush her and is ready to meet them. The nations of the world, puppets of capitalism, are allied against us."

That, in essence but couched in craftier words, was Russia's answer to world-wide criticism of her religious persecutions now being carried on in greater measure than ever before. That was the defiant cry voiced through *Izvestia* and *Pravda*, official organs of the government and communist party, releases to the Associated Press on Feb. 15.

Izvestia, contending that a real threat of war has been made against the Soviet, continues, "We have been absolutely correct in mobilizing the masses against this danger and in appealing to the revolutionary proletariat of the entire world to fight against it."

"A critical financial situation exists in the capitalistic world, affecting even the heart of capitalism, the United States. The outside

world is apprehensive and jealous of the Soviet's enormous industrial and agricultural progress."

Russia, characterized by our cartoonists as a lumbering bear, is revealing the traits of a lion. Heretofore a blatant exponent of world peace, the bolshevist now exposes his shining bayonet that the world may see. Why and how has the change come? Has Russia a belief that Communism will some day conquer the world?

Russia's new red army is the first answer to why and how a change has come about. Officially this army numbers six hundred thousand. Actually the number is between three and four million. This number is arrived at by taking into consideration the G. P. U. army, the picked troops of the secret service, numbering somewhere in the neighborhood of a half million men.

Then, in Moscow alone, there are more than a hundred thousand armed communist work-

men. In Russia the total of communist irregulars, half-trained, yet most reliable from point of loyalty, is another quarter million. If to this are added the veterans of the world war and the Russo-Poland, Russo-Chinese skirmishes, the most conservative estimator will place the figure at not less than three million men.

Such an army has never existed before in the world. It is not a mercenary army; it has no particular national spirit. It is an international army organized to fight, not for lord nor nation, but for the class of society and in every country where it can be sent expeditiously.

Not only is this army taught to fight, it is also taught the principles of communism. Study courses are thoroughly taught in the "Red Catechism." After taking the "red oath," the recruit begins his course under the regimental instructor. Elementary questions and answers of the following types are used:

Q. "Why do we maintain the Red Army?"

A. "To save Russia from its enemies."

Q. "Who are Russia's enemies?"

A. "The bourgeois class throughout the World."

Q. "Where are the bourgeois enemies concentrated?"

A. "In England, France, and America."

Q. "Why must we prepare to fight our bourgeois enemies?"

A. "Because the bourgeois nations are fighting against Russia."

Q. "Why are the bourgeois nations fighting Russia?"

A. "Because they know that the proletariat class and the Red Army will establish a workers' and soldiers' government in their countries instead of the present capitalistic governments that rule them now."

The above questions and answers are reproduced from "You Can't Print That," a volume by George Seldes, noted American newspaper correspondent, who was expelled from Russia by the Soviet because he attempted to smuggle out truthful news.

But the keen brain of Trotsky, organizer of the Red Army, did not trust everything to that Force. As a counter check, the Chekah, or

secret police, is everywhere an all-seeing eye. Too, there is a political official attached to each officer who reports to the Chekah and the war department, thus insuring the allegiance of those in command.

As an added precaution, there exists the army of armed workers, ready to combat a counter revolution by the Red Army, should such a contingency arise. Espionage is the watchword and practice. Censorship is one of Sovietism's most effectual methods.

No independent newspapers exist. Besides the two already mentioned, there are the *Economic Life*, and the official government news bureau, *Rosta*. All others must secure their news of importance from these four sources. Nothing unfriendly to the government can get into print. Nothing unfriendly to the Soviet can be mailed, wired, or cabled out of the country.

From the first, Communism has seen an enemy in religion and has worked to undermine it. Quietly, clandestinely, the attack was begun. Atheism itself became the "religion" of the Soviet in time. Encouraged by atheists throughout the world, supported by the "free-thinkers" and anticlerics in general, the destruction of organized religion got into full swing.

Jews and Roman Catholics were at first singled out. News of the persecutions and pogroms was minimized or suppressed. Finally, by pack-

Distractions

E. MARIE STRAITWELL

Here in Thy holy presence, Lord,
How dare I think of ought but Thee?
How dare I, a thing of dust,
Insult Thee with impunity,
Thou Master of infinity?

Faith is dark, and the glitt'ring world,
Like an onward rushing sea,
Encompasses me, heart and soul;
Thy grace can set my spirit free;
Oh, God, withhold it not from me.

For when with clearer eyes I see
Thy love and Thy beatitude,
My little hour below I'll spend
Atoning for the multitude,
Who seldom practice gratitude.

ing a convention, the Soviets obtained control of the Orthodox Church of Russia. That, too, is now doomed to go. Sovietism has issued the challenge that all religion must go.

That an earnest attempt is being made to destroy religion is evident from the latest dispatches. A recent wire reads: "Petrozavodsk, Russia, March 1.—Forty-eight churches, four cathedrals, and thirty religious shrines have been closed here to date and converted to economic and cultural uses.

"Soviet authorities assert that the anti-religious movement is growing steadily. In five entire districts there are no longer any churches or priests. In this city the population turned over all church bells for industrialization."

All but the last sentence of that dispatch is probably true. As to the church bells, no doubt they were confiscated. Things have reached such a stage that the most ardent religionist dare not breathe the fact. The Chekah attends to those who attempt to practice their religion. To believe in God is an overt act against the Soviet.

Why does communism dare to take such extreme action against all religion? Because it knows that much of the external world is not worrying about the fate of religionists in Russia. Because it relies upon such organizations as the Civil Liberties Union, Society for the Advancement of Atheism, and others of their ilk to overcome any protests, to prevent any action.

If communism confined itself to the borders of Russia, it might be contended that it was a Russian internal matter. But world communism, international Sovietism, is the ultimate goal of the leaders of this blighting movement, if we are to believe their own words, if we are to interpret their actions.

One has but to review the causes underlying the internal difficulties of China, India, Mexico, and Spain to understand the devastating effects of communism where it has been allowed to operate. Nor are we free from the influence. Detroit, Chicago, and New York have experienced "red" riots during the past month.

Communism is neither a mythical nor a remote danger. It is an imminent plague which we should no longer harbor. Its offices should

no longer be allowed to adorn our business streets. It should be dealt with as any plague is dealt with. It should be fought and not coddled.

Russia has changed from a sleeping bear to a growling lion because it believes it may do so with impunity. Sovietism feels its strength at home. Communism believes it has sufficient friends abroad to aid it there and to prevent interference with its nefarious activities at home.

And Sovietism not only dreams but believes that some day it is destined to conquer the world, to establish an international proletariat. Whether it masquerades under the name of Communism, Sovietism, Bolshevism, Socialism, Third International, or Workers of the World, it is still the same virus to society, a cancerous growth in the anatomy of world peace.

Notes of Interest

Benedictine

—Father Henry Courtney, O. S. B., is once more listed as retreat master for several laymen's retreats to be given at St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, during the summer.

—Exercising his office of Procurator of the Catholic University of Peking, Father Boniface Martin, O. S. B., has returned to the States to ascertain what measures are being taken in regard to supplying the University with professors. The Benedictine foundation in China bids fair to succeed beyond expectations, since the Benedictines are favorably regarded by the Chinese Government and enjoy the confidence of the people. The enrollment at present is four hundred.

—The members of the Italian Historical Institute held a congress at Monte Cassino on May 4 and 5. The grand old cradle of the Benedictine Order was chosen out of consideration for its century-old historic traditions and influence.

—The community at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn., anticipates a pleasant recurrence of Oblates' Day on July 11. History is expected to repeat, if not surpass, itself this year, in as much as St. John's on that day will welcome home a large number of its Oblates to witness and help celebrate a family festival in honor of the great Patriarch, St. Benedict.

Abbey and Seminary

—We record with sorrow the sudden death of Father Richard Betz, class of '25, who was killed in an auto accident while returning from his mission near Terre Haute, Ind., on Sunday morning, May 25. R. I. P.

—Father Ildephonse Kreidler, O. S. B., the Instructor of the lay brothers at the Abbey, left at the beginning of June for a visit to his native Rexingen, in Wuerttemberg. While abroad, he intends to make stops at Einsiedeln, Beuron, and Oberammergau.

—Father John Berger, College '04-'07, whose serious illness was mentioned in last month's GRAIL, died on June 3. R. I. P.

—Oblate Philip Weis, for many years caretaker of the Abbey refectory, was called from this life on June 4. May God grant him eternal rest!

—Father Christian Dreiling, College '05-'10, has been transferred from Oberlin, Kans., to St. Michael's Church, Collyer, Kans. Father Clement Weber, class of '10, is now stationed at Sacred Heart Church, Selden, Kans.

—On Pentecost Sunday, Father Abbot-Coadjutor Ignatius celebrated Pontifical Mass for the first time.

—On the next day, June 9, Father Abbot-Coadjutor preached the festive sermon at the Solemn Jubilee Mass celebrated *coram Episcopo* by Father Prior Benedict Brown, O. S. B. The Very Reverend Jubilarian enjoyed the privilege of having his aged mother present at the celebration. At noon, dinner was served to the visiting priests, among whom were several classmates of the Jubilarian, and in the afternoon an informal reception was held in the tastefully decorated College Auditorium.

The crowd of visitors here for the Ordination ceremonies was rather large in spite of the unfavorable condition of the highway. On June 10, the following priests were ordained by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis: Reverends Victor Goossens, August Fichter, Thomas Fields, Thomas Finneran, and Robert Gorman for Indianapolis diocese; Raymond Stocker and Clement Hageman for Corpus Christi; Edmund Priest for Covington; James Sees, C. S. V., for the Clerics of St. Viator. Two members of the local community, Reverends Jerome Palmer, O. S. B., and Urban Knapp, O. S. B., were also made priests. May their years be many and fruitful in the Lord's vineyard!

—The premises were vacated early on the morning of June 14, when long processions of autos and several busses carried our seminarians homeward on their summer vacation. The getting away was rough enough owing to the paving and construction work being done on Road 62. But we trust that their return in September will be much easier and smoother.

—The professors are almost as quick as the students when it comes to putting miles between themselves and the seminary. Father Eberhard is on pastoral duty in Oswego, N. Y., for the summer; Father Thomas is teaching a summer school course in Gregorian Chant in Wichita, Kansas; Fathers Anselm, Charles, and Cyril are attending the National Educational Association's meeting in New Orleans and that of the Benedictine Educational Association at Subiaco, Arkansas, while other erstwhile professors are doing parish work in this and neighboring dioceses.

—Father Abbot Athanasius is at home with us again. His health seems much benefited by his sojourn at Rome City. Relieved of his official duties and burdens, he may reasonably hope to regain the bodily strength which was spent in years of devoted service as father of our monastic family.

—With the approval of the Right Reverend Bishop Chartrand, D. D., St. Meinrad Abbey has made the following changes in the parishes committed to the care of the Benedictine Fathers:

The newly ordained Reverend Urban Knapp, O. S. B., is to be Assistant at Ferdinand, Indiana. The Reverend Marcus Meyer, O. S. B., leaves Ferdinand to become Pastor of St. Boniface Church, Fulda, Indiana. The Reverend Paul Thoma, O. S. B., is transferred from Fulda to Jasper, Ind., where he will be First Assistant to Father Basil, Pastor of St. Joseph's Parish. The Reverend Roman Roeper, O. S. B., yields his post at Jasper to become Pastor of St. Joseph's Parish, Dale, Indiana. The Reverend Chrysostom Coons, O. S. B., goes from Dale, Indiana, to St. Benedict's Parish, Evansville, Indiana, in the capacity of First Assistant. The Reverend Lawrence Riebenthaler, O. S. B., will be transferred from St. Benedict's to the Abbey at St. Meinrad. The Reverend Vincent Wagner, O. S. B., exchanges the chaplaincy of the Poor Clares at Evansville, Indiana, for that of the Sisters of St. Benedict at Ferdinand, Indiana. He is to be replaced by the Reverend James Reed, O. S. B., who will act as chaplain to the Poor Clares. The above changes are to go into effect Wednesday, July 9.

Liturgical Jottings

(Continued from page 102)

munion unreceived or a rosary unsaid—than behold us come before Him with a rankling heart, an unconquered jealousy or aversion for a fellowman. It is certainly an utter impossibility—this loving God and hating our neighbor in the same breath, so to speak! Therefore our Savior offers the sane advice: Be reconciled with your brother first, and then offer Me your prayers and other sacrifices. God is not fooled. He wishes to see in us at least a faint image of the virtues practiced by His Beloved Son during His earthly life. But Jesus was a living masterpiece of charity; His every word and act exhaled the sweet aroma of a God's love for His creatures. The Gospel for the sixth Sunday after Pentecost manifests this particular character trait in the God-Man, for in that Gospel we find Him multiplying the loaves and fishes so that the multitudes may have something to eat. Nowhere can we learn true, unaffected sympathy better than from Jesus. The sacred liturgy, by its steady insistence and gentle pressure, focuses the attention of the Catholic mind on these virtues of the Son of God in order to induce a closer imitation of Him; it familiarizes us with them in order to make them easy and accessible to us.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate piece of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE 1: Will you please write a prayer in your Question Box, which would be appropriate for a parent to say on her son's or daughter's wedding day?—Louisville, Ky. This column is devoted exclusively to the answering of questions and hence it would be out of place for us to attempt an answer to your request. Your Pastor or Confessor will gladly answer your petition.

NOTE 2: The editor of KWEERY KORNER must again call the attention of his readers to the fact that this page in THE GRAIL is a Question Box only. It would therefore be unwise to use this column for advertising purposes or for the recommending of prayer books, religious articles, etc. The editors of THE GRAIL will be very glad to carry a paid display advertisement for such things elsewhere in the magazine.

NOTE 3: The questioner from Atlanta, Ga., will find her question answered in the January, 1930, issue of THE GRAIL, and the questioner from Biloxi, Miss., will kindly read KWEERY KOLUMN of the November, 1929, issue for answer to his rather lengthy case.

I have my doubts as to whether my name Muriel is the name of a Saint or not. Will you please settle these doubts for me?—Boston, Mass.

Gladly. Muriel is the feminine derivative of the name Myron. And there are several great Saints of the name Myron. Perhaps the outstanding Saint of that name, whose feast you would like to keep, is Saint Myron of Cyzicus, whose memory is celebrated by the Roman Church on Aug. 17, and in the Greek Church Sept. 12th.

Why is Our Blessed Mother given so many different titles?—New Orleans, La.

The first reason is that the Blessed Virgin Mary, being the model of every virtue, the many titles conferred upon her are a tribute to her perfection. Secondly, the various invocations under which she is called upon will appeal to every class of persons. Saint and sinner, young and old, wise and unlearned, joyful and mournful, all will find in Mary some appeal by means of the various titles under which Holy Mother Church prays to her.

Our priest told me Anita was a Saint's name. If so, when does it occur?—St. Paul, Minn.

Your priest is correct in his statement. Anita is the Spanish form of Anna. The feast of St. Anna, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary, occurs on July 26th.

Is Elias still living? If so, where?—Pelham, N. Y.

Many Doctors of the Church say that Elias is still living, with a glorified body, in a place of peace and rest and that he will come to earth again to preach penance before the last judgment.

Can a girl enter a convent after she has led a sinful life for some years, but is going to confess and try to be good, and has always desired to be a nun?—Chicago, Ill.

Most certainly. The religious life is called a life of perfection—that means, it is a life in which one strives for perfection; which does not necessarily mean that one has to be perfect in order to enter religion. The desire to atone for past wrongs has ever been looked upon by serious theologians as a very commendable sign of vocation to the religious life.

Can anyone receive Holy Communion on Good Friday? If not, why?—New Orleans, La.

Holy Communion may be given on a Good Friday only to a person who is in imminent danger of death. The reason for this is that on Good Friday the Church mourns the death of Our Divine Savior and on that day Holy Communion is given only in this necessity.

What do the skull and cross bones mean on the foot of a crucifix?—Trenton, N. J.

The skull and cross bones found on some crucifixes serve as a reminder of death. The death of Christ on the cross was the means of our salvation and kept us from everlasting death.

Is it true that Extreme Unction is administered differently to a priest than to another person?—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Yes, it is true. When anointing the hands of a priest in Extreme Unction, the minister of the Sacrament puts the oil on the back of the sick priest's hand and, in the case of another person, on the palm of the hand. The reason for this is that the palm of the priest's hand has already been anointed with holy oil in his ordination.

Is Yvette the name of a Saint? If so, when did she live and die and what was her nationality? What did she do during her days on earth?—Waterbury, Conn.

Yvette is a variant of the name Ivette, which, in turn, is derived from the name Jutta. After the death of her husband and three children, Saint Yvette devoted herself to the service of lepers in the hospital at Huy in Belgium. Later she became a recluse and died Jan. 13, 1228 at Huy.

A friend of mine has this sign in his store: "In God we trust, all others cash." Is it not a sin to use God's name this way?—New Orleans, La.

It is certainly true that to use the name of God in that way is irreverent. But let us be charitable and not accuse your friend of a sinful motive. If you are really a friend of the person using such a sign, tell him to remove it and thereby he will cease to offend good taste and clear himself of the charge of irreverence.

What did Christ mean when He said: "I say to you, there are some of them that stand here, that shall not taste death till they see the Son of man coming in His kingdom?"—Pelham, N. Y.

The various comments by learned Biblical scholars on this passage in Holy Writ differ. Some say that this passage means there are those present who will not die until after the Resurrection of Christ. Others say that they will not die until after the kingdom of Christ is established by the coming of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost and the beginning of Christ's Church on earth.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingly, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

HELPING THE MISSIONS

Everywhere, it seems, there is a growing interest in our Catholic missions, and it is but just and right that Catholic people take interest in sending help and light to their less fortunate brethren who are still heathen. Perhaps many of us do not know that there is still a great part of the world wallowing in the grossest kind of idolatry and ignorance, half-savage, not knowing the first rules of health and sanitation, often the victims of famine and plague because of ignorance, stupidity, and primitive methods, yet holding tenaciously to their age-old religions, stubbornly refusing to do anything their fathers had not done.

Some of these people are gentle and docile, and submit readily to instruction, while others must be dealt with tactfully, and confidence inspired in them first before anything can be done. But little by little they are being won over, through the love-labor and heroic sacrifice of Christ's missionaries, who are, alas, all too few for the gigantic task laid out before them. Yet we must never stop; our Lord gave us the injunction to "Go forth and teach all nations," and this means all of us. Those who cannot go personally, have the obligation of helping on those who give their whole lives to the work. More and more lay people are going out to the missions to give their aid freely, so that the work of conversion and uplift may be speeded up.

But even with all the publicity, there are still many, many Catholics who know nothing about all this work going on at the missions, as may be learned by casually speaking to Catholics here and there. In this day and age of high civilization it ought not to be said of us, who enjoy all the privileges of this advanced stage, that we care nothing

for the rest of the world—the benighted third, who are so buried in their ignorance as to resent having anyone interfere with their idol-worshiping religion of many gods, whose ceremonies are often connected with vicious practices.

MISSION CLUBS

In some mission magazines great progress is reported as to the formation of Mission Clubs and Societies, which are doing all in their power to further the great work of evangelizing the remote parts of the world. It is a step in the right direction; not until all Catholics are deeply and vitally interested in the work of bringing all men into the Fold, so that there may be only "one Fold and one Shepherd," will any sort of progress be made in this all-important work. Our Lord has left this work in our hands; He wants us to have the merit of bringing our fellow men to Him, and scattered efforts never succeed as well as organized ones.

We have reported from time to time a number of Western Clubs that have sent help to our Northwestern Missions, and that continue to interest themselves in the needs of our American Indians, who are, as it were, right in "our own back yard." But there are not nearly as many clubs as there might be; many Catholic girls meet just for pleasure, once a week or once a month; Catholic women have bridge clubs, which they attend assiduously, and whose meetings they would not miss for worlds. Why cannot these pleasure clubs be put to some profit? Most ladies like to work for charity; why not have small dues every month, which may be sent to the missions, or used to purchase necessities indicated by the missionary, and ever so



LITTLE BRONZED ANGELS AT MARTY

often give a large benefit bridge party, to which outsiders may be invited. One lady, who engineered such an enterprise, sent \$90 to a mission, the clear profit from her benefit bridge party.

A nice amount like that, coming from different groups, really means something to the missionary overburdened with debts, incurred years before for necessary buildings, and still unpaid. Some of them are hard put to find the interest on their loans, much less reduce the principal.

LADIES, LET US HEAR FROM YOU! We want the Grail Mission Corner to rate just as high in Mission Clubs as some other Catholic magazines, whose mission departments teem with reports of the varied activities of mission clubs and societies, without whose help many of the foreign missions could never carry on.

The Grail Mission Corner is speaking for our own Home Missions; we need not go across the sea to China or India or other remote countries, because we have, right at hand, over 300,000 poor, helpless people in our own United States, whose deplorable state calls for all the pity and assistance we can possibly give them. That we, "the most enlightened people on earth," should have such a large group of people as the Indians on our reservations, still, for the most part, living very primitive lives, is a "blot on our escutcheon." Let us do all we can to relieve them. Besides these, a vastly greater number of Negroes, and others are at our very doors begging the bread of the Word.

LET US FORM MISSION CLUBS, and—TELL US ABOUT THEM. Report your activities, your manner of helping, how much you realize from your entertainments, and how you run them, that others may be encouraged to do the same.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Father Justin writes: "Last Saturday I went by special request to our little Mission Church out on Soldier Creek to have Mass for the Indians. It was misting when I left the mission and by the time I got there it was raining hard. I knew the roads would be bad, so took the precaution of having three of our larger boys come with me, to help in case we were stuck in the mud. Several times the car became almost hopelessly marooned, but each time we got down on our hands and knees and dug the mud away. We had no shovel, and so worked with our hands and with sticks we found on the prairie. When we arrived there, I felt much repaid for the trouble, on seeing the large crowd of Indians, all wanting to receive Holy Communion. In spite of the rain, some of them had driven ten miles in their open wagons.

"After Mass, I took Holy Communion to Mrs. Walking Crane. She lives in an old shack, which scarcely affords protection against the cold. She is very, very sick, with no hope of recovery. Before leaving, I anointed her. She seems resigned and is not afraid to die. From there I went farther down the Creek to see Mrs. Red Bear. I returned to the mission at about five o'clock and just got settled to begin this letter, when a

messenger came, saying that one of our former school boys, who is dying of tuberculosis, wanted to see me.

"He lives about sixteen miles east of Fort Thompson, had married out of the church, but was most anxious to see the priest before it was too late. I was dreadfully tired, but glad to have the chance to help the boy, whom I well remembered. So, taking two Indian men with me, I began the long drive. In places we found the roads almost bottomless. Fort Thompson is only fourteen miles from here, but it took us about three hours to get there. Then there were still sixteen miles to go to where the young man was staying with his wife's people, out at old Stands-on-Top's home.

"On the way out we had to get out several times and dig the mud from the wheels with our hands. We finally arrived. I heard the sick man's confession, remarried the couple, and anointed him. Then we started back through the mud to Fort Thompson, having promised to bring him Holy Communion in the morning. About a mile from his house, we became hopelessly mired in the road, and had to leave our Ford and walk a mile and a half to the home of a rancher living nearby. Here we remained overnight, and next morning, the kind farmer took us back to Fort Thompson, where I said Mass, and then he took me out to Stands-on-Top's home, where I brought the Blessed Sacrament to the sick boy. We reached the mission about seven o'clock Sunday evening—tired but happy."

So runs the record of a missionary's daily life, "in the great open spaces, where men are men"—and we might add, "where missionaries are supermen" who snap their fingers at long distances and obstacles and hardships and sacrifices, and come out on top, smiling.

This mission needs thread, needles, thimbles, scissors, etc.—all that goes with sewing, and tooth brushes, tooth paste, hair brushes, combs, soap, towels, etc. Send donations for new oven and butter churn direct to Father Justin, or to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

Father Ambrose writes that he has received two radios, and has prospects for another victrola, and after he has these rigged up and in running order, the children will have plenty of entertainment. But the chapel is still without an organ, and this is very necessary where divine service is held. We hold \$6.00, given by kind persons toward the purchase of one of these much needed instruments, and if a few more persons would send in donations, we would soon have enough to get one. Things are so high out Fathers' way, that it will be best to purchase the organ here, where often, good bargains may be had. Who will help purchase an organ? Send donations to Clare Hampton.

Father writes that Easter was all that could be desired out at Little Flower School. The attendance at Holy Week services was most encouraging, and the number making their Easter duties was larger than has been the case for several years. A large number of "hopeless cases" have come around and made their

(Continued on page 137)

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SIGNS

Bobby and Betty and their Daddy, who lived in the big city, often took drives to see the many interesting sights. One of the places enjoyed most by the children was the airport. One day they stopped by the field where a plane had been forced to descend because of a little leak in the gasoline tank.

A mechanic made the necessary repairs, put in a fresh supply of gasoline and the plane was ready to be off again.

With a roar the propeller went round and round, and as easily as a bird, the big plane left the ground and was soon out of sight.

"It is almost like going to heaven, isn't it, Daddy?" said Betty.

"Yes," answered Daddy. "The gasoline gave it the power to ascend. And that is the way with our souls which must get power from God in order to go to heaven. The power God gives to the soul is called grace, and this power enables us to do good, and to avoid evil."

"Grace is a gift of God, isn't it, Daddy?" suggested Bobby. "I learned about that in my catechism. Every time we pray, God gives us grace, but it is through the sacraments especially that He gives us grace. Father explained that to us in catechism class Sunday. He said that the sacraments were outward signs instituted by Our Lord to give grace."

"I learned that in my catechism, too," spoke up Betty, "and I can name the sacraments. Do you want me to, Daddy?"

"Yes, indeed, Betty. Let's hear them."

"Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, Matrimony."

"That is fine, Betty. But did you ever see anyone receiving any of the sacraments?" queried Daddy.

Bobby spoke before Betty could get out a word. "Oh, yes! Both of us have received two of the sacraments, Penance and Holy Eucharist."

"Well, haven't we received Baptism, too, Mr. Bobby?" proudly interrupted Betty.

"Yes, but we didn't see the sacrament administered," Bobby replied triumphantly.

"I have seen babies baptized ever so many times. So there," Betty insisted.

"Well, you may have an opportunity next summer to see another sacrament administered, if we can go to St. Meinrad to see Uncle John receive Holy Orders," said Daddy.

"Oh, I hope we may," exclaimed both children, hopping up and down. "Uncle John said he wanted us to see him ordained, and that means that he will receive the sacrament of Holy Orders," said Betty with a superior smile on her face.

On the way home they drove past a barber shop where a striped pole was being put into place.

Bobby was eager to show his knowledge. "That pole looks like a stick of peppermint candy, but this is not a candy store. It is a barber shop. The pole is the sign that tells everyone who passes."

Soon they passed another store with an iron horse in front. Betty spoke up quickly, "And that is the sign that there is a—a—" She lowered her voice and whispered, "What is it, Daddy?"

"I think that is the sign of a harness shop, Puss," smiled Daddy.

"You see, children, the stores have signs so that people know without going in, just what is sold there. People need signs. They cannot get along without them. That is one reason why Our Lord gave us the seven sacraments."

"The sacraments are sacred signs. Each sacrament gives us special graces. By means of these outward signs God lets us know that we are receiving inward grace."

"Think of the airplane that was made to go up a while ago, but it could not rise without power."

"So it is with our souls. They are made to go up to God, but without power they cannot do so. However, we cannot get the power for our souls from gasoline, can we?"

The children laughed, and said almost in a breath, "No, Daddy, but we can get it from the sacraments."

"And what are sacraments, Bobby?"

"The sacraments are outward signs instituted by Christ to give grace," repeated Bobby without hesitation.

Do you know the story of the first Fourth of July?

There was tumult in the city,
In that quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down.

People gathering at the corners
Where they whispered each to each,

And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the state house,
So they surged against the door,
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God, grant they won't refuse?"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child,
And the July sun in heaven,
On that scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan,
Shed his patriot blood in vein,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple,
Sat the bellman old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway,
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

See! See! the dense crowd quivers
Through all that lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign.
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List! the boy's strong joyous cry,
"Ring," he shouts aloud, "Ring, Grandpa!
Ring, oh, ring for liberty!"
And straightway at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted, what rejoicing,
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumined the night's repose,
As from the flames like Phoenix,
Fair liberty arose.

That old bell now is silent.
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives, forever young.
And as we greet the sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
Who twixt the earth and sky,
Rang out our Independence

LETTER BOX

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

SOME LETTERS FROM CORNERITES

Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have read about your wonderful correspondence club and have been trying for a few days to get up enough courage to ask to be admitted as one of your nieces and also a "Cornerite."

I am fifteen years of age and am in the eighth grade of St. Vincent de Paul School. Am fond of corresponding and will answer all letters from nieces and nephews promptly.

Waiting patiently to see my letter in print, I remain, Your hope-to-be niece, Rosella Jakoby, 921 Charles St., Louisville, Ky.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is my first letter to the Grail and I wish to be admitted.

My age is nine and I am in fourth grade. I go to St. Raymond's School.

I live in Joliet. It is nice here.

I like the Grail very much and I like to read the wonderful stories in it, and I like the children's corner.

My sister writes to The Grail, and she won a button. I hope I will win something.

My mother subscribed for the Grail for some years and I love to read it and all my sisters do too.

I hope my letter will be as good as all the rest of the letters in the Grail.

Lots of love, I am your new niece, Mary Margaret A'Hearn, 107 Woodworth Ave., Joliet, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Mother has been getting the Grail for some time and I like reading the stories and letters. My sister Mary Catherine Smith has written and asked to be admitted to the corner but the letter hasn't been printed as yet.

I am twelve years old and am in the sixth grade at Holy Trinity school.

Aunt Agnes, I hope you will excuse my poor letter and take me as your nephew.

Never judge a book by its cover, boys. Promising to answer all letters, I remain, Your new nephew, Joseph Smith, 711 E. 8th St., New Albany, Ind.

If the writer of this letter will leave a wider margin on his paper next time, he will win a button too.—A. B. H.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is my first letter to the Corner. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I go to St. Raymond's School. My mother has been getting the Grail for a long time. I can't wait till I see the mail to see if the Grail is among it. I like to read the letters in the children's corner.

I will love to see my letter printed in the next Grail.—Your new niece, Jane A'Hearn, 107 Woodworth Ave., Joliet Ill.

P. S. I wish some of the writers about my age would write me.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

This is the first time I have written to the Grail, and hope to be an additional niece. I am twelve years of age and I am in the eighth grade in Ascension School, of which I am proud to be a pupil. It is taught by the Sisters of Charity.

I have just received a diploma for the Palmer Method of Business Writing.

I hope to be the proud receiver of the "Fidelity Button." I would be very proud to wear one.—I will gladly answer any letters from the "Cornerites."

Hoping to have the pleasure of wearing a "Fidelity Button" soon, I am, Your new niece, Catherine Sullivan, 865 Columbus Avenue, New York City.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

Just a few lines to ask if I may be admitted to the "Corner," here's hoping I may. My friend Jerry Beadell wrote to you some time ago and he says he has lots of fun writing letters, so I thought I would join in the fun. I love to correspond and hope to hear from many boys and girls.

I am eighteen.... and senior at St. Xavier's High School.—Hoping to see this letter in print soon, I am, Your new nephew, Tommie Hess, 1814 Ekin Ave., New Albany, Ind.

Dear Aunt Agnes,

We have been subscribing to the Grail for about four years and find that the letters of the Children's Corner are very interesting.

I attend our Lady of Mercy School and am in the 7th grade. I would like to correspond with some boys and girls about my own age or even a little older.

I will close, hoping I will be admitted to your "Corner." I am, Your new niece, Mildred Leddy, 2485 Elm Place, Fordham, New York, N. Y.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 134)

peace with God. On Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday several converts were received into the Fold. All these happy results were due in great measure to the good influence of the school of the Little Flower. This influence radiates far and near, and, through the children, penetrates into the homes of the parents.

The School of the Little Flower is about six miles East of Seven Dolors, or Our Lady of Sorrows Church, which was completed two years ago, and, through readers of THE GRAIL, fitted out with all needed furnishings. In this church, two hundred and fifty Catholic Indian children attending the Government School at Fort Totten, worship. Little Flower School is located six miles East of Fort Totten, at St. Michael's Mission Church. This site was chosen because of the generous water supply, good pasturage, and nearness to the railroad. This will save hauling coal a long distance.

Father went into debt for a set of stations, costing \$105. Perhaps someone would like to be the donor of these. Also, statues of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Immaculate Conception for \$30.00. The chapel still needs an organ, pews, a holy water vase, a censer, and a few minor articles.

(Continued on page 143)

A LEGEND OF THE LILIES

Once, 'tis said, the dainty lilies—
Not St. Joseph's lilies tall,
But the lilies of the valley,
Purest, sweetest flowers of all—

Once the heads now shyly bending
With the wealth of snowy bells,
Were in conscious beauty lifted—
So at least the legend tells.

Said the lilies one day, whispering:
"Earth has nothing half so fair,
Half so pure, as we white lilies,
And the spotless robes we wear.

"Every fragrant chalice lifted
Holds an increase sweet and rare,
And within our hearts deep hidden
Is a perfume like a prayer."

So the lilies, low communing,
Spoke in arrogance and pride,
When among them walked a Maiden.
In her beauty glorified.

Glorified beyond all telling,
And the purity she shed
From her gentle, modest glances
Made each lily hide its head.

It was Mary, Jesus' Mother,
Who among the lilies went—
Since that day in silent homage,
Every lily's head is bent!—Ex.

WHAT'D GRAN'PA MEAN?

Daddy says I should be a
Little man; he does.
Then gran'pa asts him does he
Mean the kind he was
When he was young as me?
Then he gives a smile
An' don't answer, but just sits
Still a little while.

He seems to be thinking of
How he used to be
When he was a little tad
'Bout as old as me;
When he was a little man,
An' was always good,
An' when he always kep' still,
Like a feller should.

I told gran'pa once: "I'll be
Thest a little man
Like my dad was an' wants me
To be, if I can."
Then my gran'pa looked around
Us on every side,
An' said: "Bud, if you do, I'll
Hafta tan your hide."—Ex.

A PRAYER

HENRY KANE

O My God! Teach me how to pray,
That I may live content from day to day,
Not looking for that far-away tomorrow,
Laden with its mingled joys and sorrow.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Alluring Path

CHAPTER XXVI—TED MEETS A LADY

(Concluded)

THE lobby of the Rockingham was crowded; there was a convention of clubwomen in town that week, and Ted watched interestedly the groups of magnificently-gowned women who milled about, talking with terrible earnestness and volubility on politics, women's rights, and other club subjects. Many of them were heading for the dining room with their escorts, and strains of soft music floated out to him as he waited. He looked at his watch—seven-fifteen, but though he watched closely, Thelma was nowhere about yet. Seven-thirty came, eight o'clock, and Ted began to wonder if he had missed her, so he rose from the easy chair from which he had been watching the two entrances, and walked back and forth, so that she might the better find him if he did not see her first.

Meanwhile, a lone woman stood patiently waiting for someone at the revolving doors of the main entrance. She was beautifully gowned, as Ted saw when her wrap fell away from her shoulders, and the yellow curls which crept out at the edges of her small, tight hat were shaded by a short veil, which reached a little below the eyes. By and by, however, Ted began to grow impatient, and when eight-thirty came, he began to think Thelma had led him a wild goose chase, and was just about to enter the revolving door, when the lone woman darted into the same compartment, with the result that her purse was jostled out of her hand to the floor, and they were both forced with great speed out to the sidewalk.

"Oh! My purse!" she cried.

"Just a moment, I'll get it for you," replied Ted. When he had recovered it and handed it to her, she thanked him profusely.

"How stupid of me," she said. Then, "I wonder if you would call a taxi for me? I was supposed to have met someone here at seven o'clock, but I cannot wait any longer."

"Certainly," he replied with innate chivalry, but thinking it an odd request for a total stranger to make. However, there were many strange women in town at the convention, and at such times cold formality is usually suspended. So he hailed a cab for her and handed her in, but as he was about to close the door, she laid her hand on his arm.

"Won't you come too?" she invited.

"Oh I—" he hesitated.

"Do come! You might as well ride to wherever you're going on the same fare." Ted laughed. "Well, I haven't any particular place to go to, you see—" he explained.

"Then come anyway," she insisted, and he, not averse to a little adventure, allowed himself to be persuaded. Indeed, most of his evenings now were dedicated to adventure, that he might forget the closed door in his heart. "You say you have nowhere in particular to go?" she asked.

"Not exactly." He was rather glad this adventure with the strange, beautiful lady turned up, to ward off what would otherwise have been a dull evening.

"Then we may as well ride," she concluded. "I have nothing else to do either. Tell the chauffeur, will you please?"

"Go out to the country, Jack," he directed.

"Oh, do you know him?" she asked, innocently.

"No indeed; I call them all Jack." Then they both laughed. And the beautiful lady stole sundry glances at him now and then, and a terrible feeling smote her, that this man, who wotted not who she was, could be such a philanderer.

"Were you waiting for someone too? I saw you in the lobby a long time," she continued.

"Yes; a stupid girl rang me up, had me wait for her two hours, and then stood me up. She'll not fool me again."

"Too bad! Was she a—very good friend?" Lucilla chose her words carefully.

"Used to be, but got sore when she found out I had a wife."

"Oh! Have you a wife?"

"Yes, but in name only. You're not going to object, too, are you?"

"Oh no! You see—I have a husband."

"I see; we're both in the same boat. Husband misunderstand you?"

"Oh, he's cold and gruff and distant to me. You see—ah, I wanted my own way about something, and he wouldn't give in, and now he treats me miserably. Goes out every night by himself, and pays no attention to me, and I nearly die all alone in the house."

"Miserable brute!" sympathized Ted. "Why don't you go out, too, then? You are foolish to remain at home grieving." Lucilla suppressed a smile.

"I've decided to do that very thing!"

"Good! And let him see that you don't care."

"But—but the trouble is, I do care very much."

"That's too bad. Now with me, it's the other way 'round. I go out every night to forget what sort of a wife I've got. I made a bad mistake when I married her; she was so sweet, and I thought she would make a capital wife and mother, but look at her! Refuses to have children, and buries herself in a disreputable hole of a studio in an artist's colony down in the slums, leaving her magnificent home to be run by servants, and using me for nothing but a foot mat. She's moved her studio to our home now, but it's too late. I'm done with her for good." Involuntarily, Lucilla put her hand up to her face and bowed her head as the significance of his words seared her brain. He noticed it.

"What's the matter? Feeling bad?" he asked.

"Oh, your words remind me so poignantly of my own trouble!"

"Poor kid," he sympathized, patting her hand. How she longed to grasp that hand and never let it go forevermore! But she must work slowly! "What you want to do," he continued, "is to forget it and enjoy yourself."

"I'm afraid I don't get much fun out of anything any more."

"It's tough all right, but there's no use giving in to it. Might I ask your name, girlie?" Lucilla thought swiftly.

"You may call me Magda. It isn't my real name, but I must ask you to excuse it, because, you understand—my husband—"

"That's all right, Magda. One name is as good as another. I'm not the least bit curious."

"That's very good of you."

"Oh no, it isn't. That's just the way I amuse myself now." She was silent and pained for a moment.

"And your name—may I ask it?"

"Ted Rawn is my name, and I don't care who knows it!"

"Not the president of the auditing company?"

"The same."

"Oh, Mr. Rawn, what a pity!"

"Why is it a pity?"

"I was thinking, even those in the high places are not free from unhappiness." Ted shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, you know, lightning strikes the high peaks oftener than the valleys. Oh, well, why worry. I don't take anything seriously any more."

"That hurts," slipped from Lucilla's lips, forgetting where she was.

"Why should it?" he asked, nonchalantly. "You and I are just larking it, aren't we? To-morrow you will have forgotten that I exist."

"I will never forget you," she murmured.

"No?" And he laughed harshly. "I am just another fellow you copped to pay the taxi fare, not?"

"Mr. Rawn—please! I hope you don't think I am that kind. Don't worry; I'm not letting you pay the taxi fare!"

"Oh, well, forget it. I might just as well be riding

around with you as sitting in a stuffy clubroom, trying to get interested in bridge or chess."

"I think we'd better turn home. Will you tell the chauffeur, please, Mr. Rawn?"

"Ah, now, little girl, I didn't mean what I said. You see, a fellow gets sort of hard when he has a lot of trouble."

"But I think I had better be getting home—before my husband comes. Where shall I drop you off?" she insisted.

"Well, if it must be—back to the Rockingham. My car is parked there."

So she directed the chauffeur. "And shan't I see you sometime again?" she asked. "Please don't say no! I'd hate not to see you ever again!" Ted laughed in the careless manner he had fallen into of late.

"Want me to take you to a dinner?"

"Oh, no; I couldn't be seen in public."

"Ashamed to be seen with me?"

"No, no, it isn't that; you see—my husband—"

"I understand. He must be a brute." Lucilla stifled a giggle. "Where shall I meet you tomorrow night?" he asked.

"At the Rockingham again?"

"It's as good a place as any." So they parted.

Lucilla then bade the chauffeur hasten to her home, where she hurried up to the bathroom to remove the make-up with which she had so completely disguised herself, and to hide in a locked closet, the yellow wig and clothing she had worn, so that Ted might not accidentally come upon it.

Next evening she met him again at the selfsame place, but instead of taking a taxi, he invited her to ride in his car.

"Well, what shall we do?" he asked.

"Oh, just ride, I suppose."

"You won't go to dinner with me?"

"I'm afraid to risk it." Indeed she was afraid of the bright lights.

"Well, a show then?"

"A movie, if you will." So, to a movie they went, because there was less chance of discovery. He wanted to take her to get an ice afterwards, but she refused that too. "I won't have you spending a lot of money on me. I don't want you to get the idea I'm a gold digger. I just want your companionship, that's all." And indeed, she meant it with all her heart!

"Well, now, that sounds nice. That husband of yours must be blind, deaf, and dumb."

So they rode again after the movie, and when she saw that it was getting late, she told him he had better take her home. But it could not be to her real home; she had thought that all out.

"What's the address?"

"No. 5030 Lake Avenue. The Selwyn Apartments." So he took her there, and she pretended to go to the entrance. But as soon as he was gone, she walked around the corner, where her own coupe was parked. She had come in the coupe, and had a taxi pick her up from there and bring her to the Rockingham. She had to race her car home, lest Ted arrive before her. That

night he was a little loth to make an appointment for the next evening, but she persuaded him again, and after that, whenever she thought he might have an engagement, she let him go, but called up his office next day and so, persuaded him to meet her. She was very happy now, and several times was almost on the point of revealing herself, but something he said always prevented her, lest the time were not yet ripe, and her elaborately laid plans all come to naught.

But one night, Fate seemed to have taken things into its own hands. She had been seeing him nearly every night for about two months, and he had become very intimate with her, and did not seem to mind meeting her every night. But on this particular night, the time coming on toward spring, there was a heavy storm in the country where they had been riding, and they were obliged to stop and stand still awhile, until its fury had subsided. When finally they were able to return to town, it was nearly one o'clock of the morning, and he dropped her off as usual at the Selwyn Apartments. But alas, on entering her coupe, she found she could not start the engine. It was still raining heavily, and she was in a quandary. Having no umbrella, and only thin slippers and an evening wrap, she could hardly walk the streets at that unearthly hour looking for a drug-store that happened to be open that she might telephone. Luckily, however, an officer passed by, and she told him her trouble; he phoned for a taxi to take her home, and she decided to leave her car parked where it was until morning, when she would send for it. She was in hopes that Ted did not go straight home, but when she arrived there, she saw that she was mistaken. What should she do? She could not slip in without being seen, and she could not remain outside in the rain, so she determined to try brazening it out. Boldly she went to the door and rang the bell. In a few moments, Ted opened.

"Magda!" he cried. "Heavens, what are you doing here?" So he did not recognize her; this gave her her cue.

"Ted, please let me come in! I'm half drowned!" And indeed she looked it with her soaked wrap and wet slippers.

"But why did you come here?" he asked, worriedly, barring her entrance. She put her hand up to her face as if she were in grave trouble.

"Oh—why—my husband was home and would not let me in. He told me to go wherever I had a mind to. Oh, what am I to do?" she sobbed, getting out her handkerchief, the better to disguise her face. Ted was more worried than ever, and shook his head in perplexity.

"I'm sure I don't know. Why not go to a hotel?"

"Oh, no; I don't want to. Couldn't you take me in?"

"Magda, I can't. Don't you understand? My wife is probably upstairs sleeping, so I can't have you in the house." But she forced her way in.

"Ted, please! You wouldn't drive me away from your door on such a night, would you? Besides, you told me you don't care what your wife thinks."

"I know I told you that, but I don't want a scene."

"Please! If you don't, then I know you didn't mean any of the things you've been telling me." By this time she had come all the way in, and softly closed the door. "I'll just shut this door, so the cold wind won't blow in."

"But Magda, can't you see? You'd better go, or someone will be coming down soon to see what the commotion is."

"Then I'll be ever so quiet," she whispered. "I won't make a sound."

"But that doesn't help me any. My wife will see you in the morning."

"Can't you put me in a spare room and wake me up early—say, five or six o'clock. I could leave then." He was weakening.

"Well—I don't know. Wait; I'll go up and see if my wife is asleep." He tiptoed up, and soon came down again.

"My wife isn't up there. I don't know where she is."

"Well then! Then you can let me stay."

"But she may be at some affair, and return any minute."

"My but you are afraid! I thought you didn't care a fig about your wife!" Lucilla was enjoying the situation. "You're a fine friend in need! No real man would turn even a dog out into a night like this!"

"Well I—"

"Come on! Don't be afraid. Just put me in the spare room and lock the door. At five o'clock to-morrow morning come and wake me up, and I'll sneak out so no one will hear me." She had won.

"Well, all right; but I'll blame you if I have any trouble."

"You won't. I'll see to that." So he led her upstairs to one of the guest rooms and turned the key in the lock after her, so no one could enter the room. Then he retired himself. Alone in the room, Lucilla laughed blithely to herself, took out some cold cream, and in the absence of soap and water, removed her make-up with that, and then prepared for sleep. The wig she conspicuously hung on one of the bedposts, and the other clothing was spread out to dry on chairs about the room. Then she knelt to pray for success on the morrow, and, finally, slept.

Next morning, promptly at five, Ted roused himself, and as softly as possible, arose, and slipped on his dressing gown. Then, tiptoeing out of the room, where he dared not make a light, he went down the hall and fitted the key into the door of Magda's room. Opening the door slightly, he called in a whisper: "Magda! Come, get up!" He had expected her to be all dressed and ready by the time he called, and was not a little annoyed to find her still sound asleep. She did not answer. He called again and again, but could not rouse her. So, closing the door, he snapped on the light, and the first thing that struck his eye was the yellow wig, hanging on the bedpost. With a gasp, he picked it up.

"Gosh! What have I been going about with—" Magda's face was turned away from him, so he stooped over and shook her.

"Come on! Get out! It's five o'clock." He was a little gruff, being just out of a heavy sleep, and annoyed

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by her presence besides. Lucilla awoke with a start, turned, and looked full at him.

"My God, Cilla, you?" he gasped. "Why what—?" She knelt up and threw her arms about his neck.

"Ted! Forgive me for fooling you. Won't you kiss your Magda? You won't have to meet me at the Rockingham any more, or drop me off at the Selwyn Apartments. I am sick and tired of rushing around that lonely corner to get my coupe, and then racing home to beat you!"

"But, what was the idea?"

"To win you back, Ted. I saw too late that I was wrong, and so staked everything on the chance of luring you back. Oh, Ted, please, please, can't you see that I love you more than my life? I am ready to do anything you ask—even to giving up my writing entirely if you say so, for all the success in the world isn't worth one golden hour with you!"

One moment he looked into her eyes, in which the big tears were gathering, then caught her to his heart.

"Cilla, can you forgive me? For acting like a school-boy and making you miserable?" She smiled through her tears.

"As long as you still love me, dear, there is nothing to forgive!"

And once more, two hearts beat as one.

THE END

Housewife's Fatigue

In spite of many electrical appliances in the house, there are many of us who are always voicing the plaint: "I'm so tired all the time." What is the cause of this? Something is wrong somewhere—something is missing; the body is being cheated of something vital which is needed to keep one up to par. "I'm not sick, but only tired. All work, even light tasks, seem a burden. And there are so many of them." Many women bring to their household tasks an energy which might be characterized by one woman's remark: "She works like a house afire." There is the secret of fatigue: The housemother has a myriad of tasks to perform during the day, but as she must go downtown today, to a friend's home for a birthday to-morrow, to a bridge the next day, and the sewing circle the next—she must hustle all these tasks through as fast as her hands will go, regardless of fatigue, or warning headaches, or aching backs.

Then, at night, perhaps the husband has plans to go out to play cards, or has purchased tickets for a good show, or there is a dance given by his lodge, which he must attend. And, of course, his wife must go along—or start a very bad habit of being left behind. She is falsely stimulated by the evening's pleasures, and then, perhaps at midnight, or later, when she seeks her pillow—sleep is miles away, and all the nerves of her body seem as so many tiny wheels whirring ceaselessly like a miniature factory. At last a troubled sleep does come, but morning finds her unrefreshed, and she begins her new busy day with perhaps a violent headache, a tired, aching body, and unwilling hands, which are

forced again through the necessary tasks of the day.

Every woman ought to budget her time—systematize her day; have certain days for certain jobs, and never deviate from this routine. She should plan to have her work performed in the minimum of time—and always allow for a rest between. When fatigue begins to warn, lie down for fifteen minutes on a couch, perfectly still, with eyes closed, and see what benefit accrues. Rest and sleep are all the medicine some complaining women need.

Cheerfulness

Cheerfulness is a distinct asset to anyone. It is a quality that cannot be bought, but it can be acquired. Crabbedness and irritability are, after all, only a letting down of discipline over oneself, and if one cannot be master of his own disposition and character, how can he be a fit master over anything or anyone else? Irritability is merely the result of one's outlook upon life; if we permit this outlook to be black and hopeless, and surrender ourselves to the depths of despair, we suffer—and not only we, but all those around us. For, just as the sun brightens everything in its near vicinity, so also a black cloud spreads gloom far and wide. Things are never so bad but they might be worse, but no matter how bad they are, the trick is, never to surrender to the blackness.

Somewhere, somehow, there must be a way out of every difficulty, and when earthly means have all failed, there is still—prayer. And God has never yet failed anyone who prayed in good earnest, from the depths of his grief-stricken heart. For the most part, however, irritability is not caused so much by great calamities—these are often easier to bear than the petty daily irritations we meet at every turn of life. At least, God seems to supply extra strength to bear great calamities, while the little ones, the trifles which loom so black in our eyes—are matters of discipline. Don't give in to them! Cultivate a sunny outlook, and if there is something that causes us pain, the wisest thing is to banish it quickly from our minds, and get interested in something—a book, some fancy work, music, a hobby of some kind.

Sometimes things do happen which irritate us sorely; but where is it written that this irritation must be visited upon all those about us? Sadness and despair are the devil's favorite tools, and irritability and bad temper are but one step away from these. Always remember, there is nothing can happen to you so bad that there isn't someone else who has it worse. Could we but see these instances of misery greater than ours, we would be ashamed that we made such mountains out of mole hills!

Nervous Children

We come across people in the world whose nerves are bad—they are legion. This nervousness, says a celebrated woman doctor, is very often caused by improper handling of children by parents in early life. There are grown persons to-day who are beset by all sorts of

imaginings and bugaboos—perhaps they do not voice these fears that constantly pursue them, but they are inwardly tortured nevertheless, and this makes them irritable toward others. Their associates dub them "crabs" and other unpleasant names, while knowing nothing of the tortured state in which these people live, whose irritable actions are in reality cries of agony brought out by the suffering within.

There are people to whom little difficulties loom as insurmountable obstacles, while other healthy, normal people merely laugh and pass them over; there are persons who are unable to decide even the smallest matter quickly, but vacillate back and forth for a long time before they come to a decision; in emergencies they "go to pieces," and any sudden change in the circumstances or environment of their lives causes them to be upset for days. Their appetite is poor, and they are very "picky" and notional about their food; they have but little strength and tire easily. One such man, who drove an automobile, was afraid to take even the gentlest hill, because he feared his perfectly good car might get out of control; another worried about the smallest cut or bruise or pimple, constantly fearing infection, and using "tons" of disinfectants; another, a woman, was afraid to go to sleep, lest she die in the night, and had a constant fear of swallowing something and getting appendicitis.

According to Doctor B., nearly all these cases had their beginnings in childhood. A strong, well-balanced, fearless child will seldom get "nerves" in later life, and to have such a normal, healthy child, depends entirely upon the parents. Nervous, unquiet, fearful parents usually inject their own "nerves" into their children, not by inheritance, but by association. Children imitate their elders, and parents should always be on guard not to show fear, impatience, irritability or nagging habits before their children, because their offspring will unconsciously imbibe their example.

Nagging at children constantly for trivial things is one of the greatest causes of nervousness. A healthy child is naturally noisy, hearty, and full of spontaneous fun and joyousness. Of course, they cannot be left to "run wild," but healthy joyousness should not be rudely squelched. In fact, a mother can usually do more with her children by taking them aside and talking to them kindly and with love, than by constant show of anger and irritability. Always remember, children will receive the impress of everything you do, and if you are quiet, calm, and always reasonable, your child will unconsciously imitate you. Little trivial faults may more safely be ignored than to obtain a martyred perfection at the expense of jangled nerves.

Some Painting Hints

Do not use house paint on a floor, as it is not made to withstand the friction of shoes; purchase a good interior floor paint, which usually contains a large percentage of varnish and not only possesses a tough surface film, but also has a beautiful finish. Waxing will prevent worn spots.

Spar varnish should be used wherever there is moisture, steam, or dampness of any kind, or on doors which are exposed to rain and snow. A floor done with spar varnish and then waxed, is good for many years' wear.

Hardwood floors that are old and in bad shape, may be brought back into condition by re-sanding, shellacking, and waxing. Any of the hardwood floor companies will undertake the job of re-sanding your floors and shellacking too, if you so wish. They will be like new.

Never try to varnish woodwork without first giving a thorough soap-washing, especially if in a kitchen or bathroom, otherwise you will varnish the smoke and grease film on permanently.

Do not paint new plastered walls or ceilings until the plaster is at least six months old, otherwise the paint will crack and peel off. New plaster must be sized before painting, in order to seal up the pores; glue size is not advisable; most manufacturers advise a varnish size under paint. Before painting over old paint on walls or ceiling, they must first be washed with soap to remove smoke and grease.

Paint water pipes underneath sinks with silver paint; this makes a very neat appearance. But first sand-paper off all rust and loose paint.

Porch furniture should be painted with special porch furniture paint, which is made to withstand severe weather, and dries with a hard finish.

If the roof is to be re-shingled with wood, you may dip the shingles in any color of stain before using, which makes a pleasing appearance on the roof, and also preserves the wood. Double coloring matter must be used for old darkened shingles on a roof, as a light stain will not show.

Dip posts in hot creosote oil to keep them from rotting. Hot is better than cold, as it penetrates the wood better.

The Daily Lunch Box

Those who carry a daily lunch to work are apt, in time, to get tired of the same kinds of sandwiches—so tired, in fact, that sometimes the appetite is lost entirely. When one makes up a picnic lunch, much care is expended, so that there will be variety, daintiness, and delicacy—why not the daily lunch? The lunch should always be planned for a day ahead, and the one eating it should not know what it contains, since a surprise adds zest to appetite, if it is an agreeable one. It is well to prepare all the ingredients the night before, and have them all ready to put together and pack in the morning. This saves time.

A balanced lunch should consist of something hearty, which is usually in the line of meat, egg, or cheese sandwiches, a salad, which may be packed in a small, wide mayonnaise jar, a hot drink or soup in a thermos bottle, fruit, and some kind of a sweet. The sandwiches may each be different, for instance, one fried pork chop sandwich, with white bread, a deviled ham sandwich on rye bread, and a tomato sandwich on whole wheat bread with butter, the tomatoes salted and peppered and spread with mustard. The salad may be of chopped celery, green pepper and carrot, mixed with

mayonnaise. Any one of the standard canned soups heated piping hot and placed in the thermos bottle, and eaten with oyster or cheese crackers, will be very appetizing. If convenient, a small soup dish and a spoon may be compactly wrapped up in the bundle; the sandwiches may be placed in the hollow of the dish, and thus save space.

The fruit should be something different every day, and if no soup is packed on certain days, a hot drink—either tea, coffee, or cocoa, may be substituted in the thermos. Or in hot weather, chill the thermos with ice water, and fill with ice-cold milk, or milk and egg shake, or any of the wellknown malted milk shakes, which are so healthful and energy-producing. The sweet may be pie, cake, cup cakes or custards, tarts, cookies doughnuts, etc. A surprise of potato chips, or sweet pickles, raisins, dates, a few pieces of candy, salted nuts, etc., may often bring delight to a jaded appetite.

Other sandwich suggestions are: Egg and lettuce, lettuce, tomato and mayonnaise, cheese and sliced dill pickle, tomato and peanut butter, sardine, sliced onion and mustard, hamburger with sliced onion and mustard, salmon mixed with chopped onion, salt, pepper, and vinegar, etc. The combinations are endless; the meats may be varied every day, as also the breads. Sometimes sandwich rolls or split buns make a welcome change, and there are dozens of different salads to pack in the little jar. Sometimes the surprise may be jello, stiffened in the jar and eaten with a spoon, or a delicious fruit salad combination.

Household Hints

Do not cut hydrangeas or other flowering shrubs down in spring or summer; this cuts off their buds and prevents them from blooming. The best time to cut hydrangeas down is directly after they have ceased blooming; shrubs that blossom only in spring should be cut immediately after blooming, otherwise you might cut them too late, and take off new shoots, in which new buds are forming for the following spring.

In planting shrubs about the house, remember three things: Plant in masses. Avoid straight lines. Leave centers open.

A rubber bath sponge acts as an eraser of dirt; try it on the wall around and above radiators or furnace registers; also on light felt hats.

Tough meat is made tender by laying it for a few moments in vinegar and water.

Fruit and berry stains can be removed by rubbing the hands with tomato juice or lemon.

Recipes

MARSHMALLOW CUP CUSTARD: Beat together four eggs and add gradually four tablespoons sugar and nutmeg to taste. Stir in one quart milk. Put 1½ marshmallows into each cup and fill with custard mixture. Place cups in pan of hot water; bake in a slow oven until set.

PEANUT BUTTER MUFFINS: Mix 2 cups flour, ½ cup

sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Beat one egg and add one cup milk. Stir dry materials into this mixture and beat all thoroughly. Pour into muffin pans and bake in hot oven. When done, take out of oven and cut partly through each muffin, adding peanut butter the size of a walnut. Serve hot.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 137)

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

A little girl, Evelyn Medicine Horn, has just died at this mission, and two of the boys have been very ill of pneumonia, and come very near following Evelyn. But careful nursing by the good Sisters finally pulled them through. There is no infirmary for the boys, and they had to be cared for in the general dormitory, since there is room nowhere else. A new building is imperative, in which Father hopes to have a room for an infirmary. After fruitlessly trying several times to get a loan, Father at last succeeded, and the contract has been let. The mission horses and the Indian men are digging the basement for the new building. Indians are coming every day looking for work, and Father Sylvester tries to give them all he can. The Indian boys went out to the fields and gathered a large pile of stones that the farmers have cleared from their land. Three Indian men with stone hammers broke them up into suitable sizes for mixing with concrete for the foundation. When they were ready, the whole school got busy, and each child carried a stone, until the great heap was all distributed about the excavation for the convenience of the builders. The building is going up entirely with borrowed money, but Father is trusting to his good friends in the States to lift the burden for him.

TINFOIL, ROSARIES, MEDALS, HOLY PICTURES, ETC.

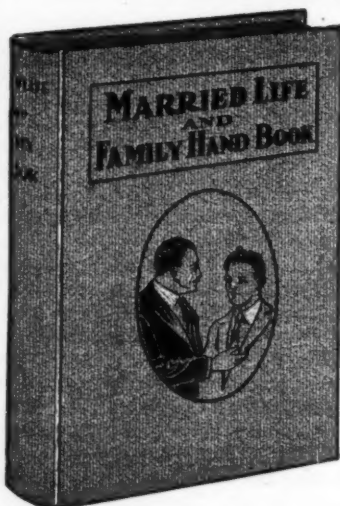
The following good friends have sent packages for the missions: Mrs. F. J. Mohrman, St. Louis, Mo.; Marie Nann, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. H. Siemon, Phila., Pa.; E. Halloran, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans, La.; Miss Anna Feller, Harrison, O.; Pauline Cogala, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. L. Ladendecker, Wellstone, Mo.; Mrs. Arthur Bannon, Struthers, O.; Mrs. E. Heikes, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. McCormack, New York City; St. Joseph School, 2nd Grade, Joliet, Ill.; Mrs. M. Carroll, Michigan City, Ind.; Mrs. J. Freson, Carthage, O.; M. Ward, Pittsfield, Mass.

Many thanks to these kind friends for their trouble in sending the articles. The torn rosaries will be repaired, and the other articles divided between the three missions. Some ladies have sent beautiful pins, beads, and other jewelry. The Indian children will be delighted with these. Keep on saving tin foil, rosaries, medals, holy pictures, prayer books, and discarded jewelry and send them to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

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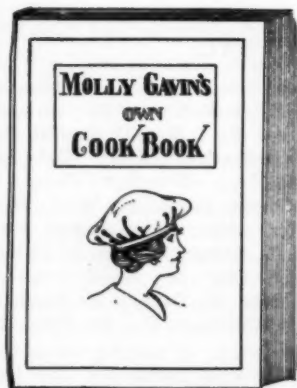
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TWENTY-NINE DIFF-
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Australia	Chile
Luxembourg	China
Argentina	Korea
Palestine	Poland
Czechoslovakia	Hungary
Bahama Islands	Mexico
Island of Trinidad	

A COMPACT

ALL PERSONS THAT WEAR THE
MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT AND
PRAY FOR THE EXTENSION OF THE
BENEDICTINE ORDER SHALL SHARE
IN ALL THE GOOD WORKS PER-
FORMED IN THE ORDER.

THE TERMS

The terms are simple. You do only two things:

1. Wear the Medal of Saint Benedict.
2. Pray for the extension of the Benedictine Order.

(How much shall you pray? You are free to choose for yourself. We suggest that you *daily* say the best prayer, the one composed by Our Lord, the *Our Father* only once.)

THE ORDER OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict founded his Order in the year 529. Consequently the Order is now celebrating its fourteen hundredth anniversary. It is almost as old as the Church herself. The world today needs the influence of Saint Benedict's Rule, which so beautifully fosters the family spirit and filial obedience. Pray for the spread of this good influence. Better still, become a Son or a Daughter of Saint Benedict.

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The Benedictine aim is: TOTAL OBLATION OF SELF TO GOD'S SERVICE.

This oblation begins with a vowed, life-long detachment from riches, sensual pleasures, and self-will. It grows perfect:

1. Primarily, through the "Opus Dei," the *Work of God*, by which is meant the daily solemn worship of God through the Sacred Liturgy: chiefly the Mass and the Divine Office. St. Benedict says in his holy Rule: "Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God."

2. Secondly, through the obedient performance of any worthy work that the times and circumstances demand.

THE RETURNS

The advantages are great. In return for your faithful wearing of the Medal of Saint Benedict and the prayer for the extension of his Order, you share in all the good works performed by the Sons and Daughters of Saint Benedict. At the present time there are about 33,000 Benedictines in the world.

WEAR A MEDAL OF SAINT BENEDICT

Saint Benedict's Medal is one of the oldest in existence. There is a special form of blessing for it, in the Catholic Ritual. For many centuries it has been an instrument of spiritual graces and bodily blessings for devout users. You, too, can join the vast army of Saint Benedict's clients. Become a child of his benevolence, by the faithful wearing of his medal.

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It is a beautiful story of a boy with an angel voice, of a sister who loved him, and of the church to which both gave their devoted service. A story that will grip the heart and every reader, just as the singing of "Mother Machree" by the boy hero of this beautiful book, gripped the hearts of the hardened habitués of the East Side saloon.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE, by Louis Hemon.

This is a tale of Canadian pioneer life. The story of her love, her loss and her great decision is told with such restraint as to give a deep feeling of reality to this romance of life among the lonely places of "that great and land whose winters are of a relentless rigor, whose brief enduring summers of a tropic fierceness."

FALSE PROPHETS, by Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P.

Father Gillis in this book takes up the "False Prophets" of our own day—Wells, Shaw, Haeckel, Freud, Conan Doyle, Nietzsche, Mark Twain, James Harvey Robinson—dissects their false theories, points out their false philosophy, and with rapier-like thrusts shows that sound Catholic principles are still the impregnable safeguards of our lives. His brilliant style, his precision of thought and word, and his unflinching sense of humor make "False Prophets" the outstanding contributions to Catholic letters in many years.

ONE HOUR WITH HIM, by the Very Rev. Msgr. Joseph L. J. Kirlin.

This book differs altogether in scope and contents from previous works of its kind, by taking for Eucharistic meditations the popular devotions of the Church, such as the mysteries of the rosary, the Stations of the Cross, etc., also various subjects ever treated before from this standpoint, such as the Beatitudes, the Corporal Works of Mercy, etc. It is not a prayerbook, and yet it is a book of prayer.

THE GATES OF OLIVET, by Lucille Borden.

This delightful story of a girl's struggle to realize a beautiful ideal, introduces a new author to Catholic readers. "The Gates of Olivet" is a Catholic novel of a new order—a finely written story with no more religion in it than in our everyday life. A charming romance into which the author has woven the grace, mystery, and beauty of an aesthetic religion.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST, by Thomas à Kempis.

"The Imitation of Christ" is the story of a human soul, in which is caught up the reflection of countless other souls with the same yearnings, the same strivings, the same doubts and uncertainties and tortments of unrest. It is the voice of the race calling across the chasm of the years. The most exquisite document after those of the New Testament, of all the documents the Christian spirit has ever inspired.

LITTLE BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI, by Michael Williams.

Brother Francis is a favorite Saint of the children. That man who talked to the birds, who made the wolf his friend, that man who in his youth turned from life of adventure and excitement to live in utmost simplicity, will never fail to hold the growing boy. He lived as a child might dream of living, or play at living, and a child understands his sympathy for flowers, birds, animals and his essential friendliness. Michael Williams has written to reach these young people and also their parents.

THE HIGH ROMANCE, by Michael Williams.

The spiritual autobiography of a journalist who though baptized a Catholic gave up the practice of his religion while still a boy, lost his Faith, and after twenty years of wandering among nearly all the "isms," was led back to the Church. His entry into newspaper work, his brave fight against disease, his spiritual conversion—all these are described in chapters which interest and completely charm the reader. The account of his conversion to Catholicism is one of the finest gems of modern spirituality.

THE WHITE SISTER, by F. Marion Crawford.

Marion Crawford is better known to Catholic readers than any other novelist. He has written over 40 volumes, of which "The White Sister" is probably the most popular. This book has gone through 19 editions, and in 1922 it was filmed and shown in most of the movie theaters in the Country.

GOLD MUST BE TRIED BY FIRE, by Richard Aumerle Maher.

In this book the author has quite an interesting figure in Daidie Grattan. The story is her story from the day when she revolts at the monotony and drudgery of her existence as a mill hand, through that period when something closely akin to tragedy touches her, to that happier time which sees the fulfillment of her dream. A strong story, firmly grasped, tersely and vigorously told.

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